THE MARRIAGE-HATER Match'd:

A

COMEDY.

ACTED at the

Theatre Royal

By THEIR

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by THO. D'URFEY, Gent.

LONDON,

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To the Illustrious and Truly Noble Prince, *JAMES*, Duke, Marquess, and Earl of *Ormond* in *England* and *Ireland*; Earl of *Ossory*, and Viscount *Thurles*; Baron of *Arclo*; Lord of the Regallities and Liberties of the County of *Tiperary*; Baron of *Lanthony*; Earl of *Brecknock*; Chancellor of the University of *Oxford*; one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to His Sacred Majesty, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

May it Please Your Grace,

WHEN first my Propitious or Malignant Stars influenc'd the little Genius I now pretend to in Poetry, the Incouragement I had from your Noble Grandfather (whose Extraordinary Judgment in the Beauties of that Art, as well as Generous Candour in Excusing the Errours of it, render'd him best capable of being a Patron) ingag'd me to Launch my ill hallas'd Bark into an Ocean where most of our Tribe too late find themselves becalm'd with uncertain Applause, or else wrack'd in the storm of ill-natur'd Criticism. Yet had that Illustrious Hero's Commands such an August Prerogative over me, that knowing my Fame sufficiently Establish'd in his Applause, successful enough I ventur'd on, 'till his never to be forgotten loss to all in General, made me too sadly deplore my own in particular.

How Charming a thing is Dignity, when adorn'd with the glittering Crown of Sence, and the humble Robe of Humility: The Great Ormond *was blest with both, in perfection; and not only a true Judge and Generous Patron of Arts and Sciences, but modestly familiar with Virtue, tho' in Rags; never slighting the poor Scholar for his Thread-bare Coat, nor pleas'd with the vain outside of an Embroyder'd Fopp, whose inside he knew to be unfurnish'd.*

I infer this, as lamenting the ill fortune of Poets, that are not blest with a Friendly Party, or a Judicious Patron, whose allow'd Understanding, as well as generous good Nature can defend their Works from Malicious Censurers; the Time's Vices will bear no Reflection, and let the Play *be never so just to the Rules, if a* Rott me Spark *finds himself hit, or Madam* La Pupsey *takes the hint that her dear* Lap-Dog *is expos'd, the Labour it self is*

like

like to be the Poet's only Reward: modeſt Reproof is taken for abſurd Abuſe, and honeſt Satyr for Dogmatick Slaunder.

And though Horace, *Reflecting upon ſuch as are blind to their own Vices in his time, had Courage enough to dare to tell 'em,* Stultus, & Improbus, hic Amor eſt dignuſque notari. *Yet had he liv'd in this Age, and in ſome Satyrical Piece had dar'd to expoſe a* Mænius, *&c. without a* Mæcenas *to Protect it, his Merit tho' never ſo Extraordinary, or Fancy or Stile were it never ſo pure, would all be too weak to defend it againſt the Critical Party, that found themſelves Concern'd.*

This I muſt humbly inform your Grace, I mean as to the General ſtate of Satyrical Poets, without any reflection upon my own; the enſuing Scenes being deſign'd for diverſion, and more proper to oblige an Audience to ſmile than frown; and tho' ſome perhaps, being affected with ill-Humours, might pick out ſomething to diſlike, they generouſly agreed to incourage my Profit; and thoſe that found themſelves pleas'd, I thank my Stars, ſtill far exceeded the others in number.

Having at laſt ſo well acquitted it ſelf on the Stage (tho' the thronging, imperfect Action, and worſe than all, the faulty length, which I will never be guilty of again, render'd it little Diverſion the firſt day) I confeſs, I could not ſtifle my Ambition of deſiring this honour of your Graces Patronage, and as I have already always found a true Mæcenas *in your Illuſtrious Family: You, by a free and eaſie grant of ſo great a favour, an endearing ſweetneſs in Behaviour, and Graceful Condeſcenſion, have ſo added to my heap of Obligations, that I am diſabled by exceſs to inſtruct my Pen my heart's grateful Sentiments.*

All Praiſe is too low, when it approaches to your Graces Character; to ſay you are adorn'd with the Graceful Humility, Eternal Honour, and Wiſdom of your admir'd Grandfather; the Merit, Loyalty, and unequal Bravery of your Martial Father, whoſe loſs our Bleeding Country has never yet recover'd, is Praiſe indeed, but ſcarce aſpiring to your Deſert; your Glorious Campaign with his Sacred Majeſty, and all your other Actions, during this Reign, ſufficiently ſounding your Applauſe, and engaging every true Engliſhman, not only to Love, but Admire; amongſt the Crow'd of which, I think it my greateſt Honour to be Ranked, eſteeming no good Fortune greater than to be allow'd,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's Moſt Humble,

Devoted, and

Obedient Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

A

LETTER

TO

Mr. *D'URFEY*,

Occasion'd by his PLAY

Called the

Marriage-Hater Match'd.

Dear Friend,

I AM sensible the World will esteem a *Friend* too Partial a Judge of the performance of a *Friend*, yet since I am satisfied that I can divest my self of all prejudice against the writings of even an Enemy, and allow him that praise which Justice requires; I think I may with the greater assurance say, that I will give no more favourable Censure on this Play of yours, than the severest *Critick* ought, if he but regulate himself according to the merits of the Cause, and will let Reason, and the Rules of Art weigh more with him, than the unaccountable Railings of some of your Enemies, or the ungenerous malice of others; who, because they have attempted the Province of Comedy with less success, think to regain their Credit by Damning every one that has the Art of Pleasing beyond them; and since they cannot arrive to the Excellence of the Old Way of writing, would advance a new one of their own production, adapted to their *undesigning* Genius.

But that which is the most strange is, that some of our Criticks, like Jugglers, stare us in the face, and Palm upon us their own fancy for the Opinion and Practices of the Ancients, and perswade us that a *Bundle of Diologues* was all that was ever required to the framing a good *Play*; and that *Terence* had no other Excellence but the neatness of *Phrase*. Either they never read that *Poet* themselves, or suppose no body else did; otherwise I cannot imagine how they can maintain so gross a falsity, which may so easily be contradicted, by a short view of the Plots of his Comedies: I will begin with his first, called *Andria*.

Pamphilus *the Son of* Simo, *debauches* Glycerium *the supposed Sister of* Chrysis *(a Native of the Island of* Andros*) She proves with Child, and he infinitely en-*

amour'd of her, promises her Marriage, with a full Resolution to be as good as his word; but Chremes *won with the good Character and Parts of* Pamphilus, *proposes his Daughter* Philumena, *for his Wife to* Simo; *the Old Men agree, and settle the Preliminaries; the Wedding day approaches, but the death of* Chrysis, *the supposed Sister of* Glycerium *intervenes*, Pamphilus, Simo, *and others being at the Funeral*, Glycerium *distracted with grief, had flung her self in the* Burning-Pile, *had not her Lover* Pamphilus *run to her rescue; but he with such ardour embrac'd and comforted her, that the Old Gentleman his Father, and the rest of the Spectators had shrew'd suspicions that his Care of her proceeded from ill disguis'd Love;* Chremes *with a great deal of indignation breaks off the Match; but* Simo, *willing to find out the truth of the matter, conceals it from his Son, assuring him he must prepare to be immediately Marry'd.* Pamphilus *is at a great loss what to do, 'till his Servant* Davus *perswades him to dissemble a seeming readiness to comply with his Father's will; but this Policy of* Davus *had like to have spoil'd all, for on his Son's Compliance,* Simo *soon pacifies* Chremes, *and so set the Wedding on foot again, which* Pamphilus *finding no way to obstruct,* Davus *takes care to have the Child of* Glycerium *by* Pamphilus *expos'd to the view and knowledge of* Chremes; *who, upon that, once more in a great fury breaks off the match; but after a great deal of disturbance, all settles in quiet, to the content of all Parties. For* Crito *the next akin to* Chrysis, *arrives at* Athens, *to take possession of her Goods as her lawful Heir, and discovers* Glycerium *to be* Pasibula, *the Daughter of* Chremes, *who overjoy'd at the discovery, gives her to* Pamphilus *for Wife, and* Philumena *to* Charinus, *who had long been in love with her, and who makes another Person in the Play.*

To have given a larger Argument of this Comedy, wou'd have been too tedious, since here is enough to satisfie any one that *Terence* had something else in his eye, besides the purity of his Language; otherwise *Horace* had with small reason given him, in his first Epistle of his second Book to *Augustus*, the distinctive Character, that his exellence lay in his *Art.*

Plautus ad exemplar ſiculi properare Epicarmi,
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate Terentius Arte.

I may spare the pains of taking notice of his *Eunuch*, or *Adelphi*, since the Town has seen them both, under the names of *Bellamira*, and the Squire of *Alsatia*. In his *Heautontimorumenos*, the several Designs of *Chremes* on *Menedemus*, and *Syrus* on both; the Discovery of *Antiphila* to be the Daughter of *Chremes*, and *Sostrata*, the Plot and Contrivance of *Syrus* to get the Money for *Bacchis*, and the disapointment of all these Designs, just when almost brought to perfection, will shew, that none that ever read him cou'd in justice say he had no Plot or Intrigue in his Plays: Nay, his *Hecyra*, which is said to have met with but little applause, and is doubted by some as spurious, is not without a good Plot, and several turns. But it would be superfluous to run through all particulars of this, and the other of *Phormio*, since by what is already said, there is nothing so evident, as that *Terence* took care of Plot as well as words, and was not less skil'd in the *Protasis*, *Epistatis*, *Catastasis*, and *Catastrophe*, than in the Dialogue, or Discourse.

But were it true, that *Terence* wanted this perfection, as they wou'd have it, yet

yet I can ſee no reaſon but that this Excellence ſhould be valu'd; for the end of Comedy, being for Pleaſure, as well as Inſtruction; that certainly which contributes moſt to the firſt, without prejudice to the latter, muſt be acknowledged an accompliſhment not to be ſlighted. For the ſeveral neat turns of a Play keep the minds of the Auditory employ'd with expectation, hope, and deſire, which all end in ſatisfaction, at the concluſion or unravelling of the Plot. But let the Moral or Inſtructive part be never ſo well writ, the Language never ſo fine, yet if the Action goes on without any Plot to divert us, we ſee through all at firſt ſight, and grow weary before the Play is half done, for it gratifies none of our Paſſions, without which there can be no pleaſure.

By what has been ſaid, will appear that you, Sir, keep up to the noble Standard of the Antients, and tho' it be one of the greateſt and moſt difficult parts of the hard task of a Comick Poet, yet you have always been very fortunate in it, eſpecially in this laſt Comedy of yours, called the *Marriage-Hater Match'd*. I muſt needs ſay I think it is your beſt, and far beyond that of the *Boarding School*; the turns are ſo ſurprizing, and natural, that I may ſay without flattery, 'tis not in the power of any Perſon to out-do them. The wit of Sir *Philip* and the Widow, like ſprightly Blood in youthful Veins, runs through the whole Play, giving it a noble and vigorous Life; you have farther obſerv'd that *decorum* of Poetick Juſtice, in making Sir *Philip* be caught in his own Plot, to deceive another, and marry her, who had ſo well merited him, as *Phabe*, alias *Lovewell*, who made a very pretty Figure on the Stage. Such a variety of Humours and Characters I have ſeldom ſeen in one Play; and thoſe ſo truly drawn, that they all look like principal Parts; and that which is more, they are all *New*, and ſo worthy obſervation, that indeed I admire the humour of Madam *La Pupſey* has been ſo long neglected, ſince grown to ſo general a cuſtom, that the Lap-Dog takes up all the thoughts of the fair Sex, whilſt the faithful Lover ſighs in vain, and at a diſtance unregarded; This was an uſurpation on our Prerogative, and had been born too long. The humour of *Van Gain* is new, and not ſo unpleaſant, but that it deſerves to be more taken notice of, being very material to ſet off the reſt.

Then the Skittiſhneſs of Miſs *Margery*, and the freakiſhneſs of *Berenice*, are faults too general not to be expoſed; beſides, who is there ſo wedded to Melancholy, like the Son of the Emperour *Philip* the Firſt, but muſt give way to Laughter, to ſee the pleaſant Humour of *Bias*, and the extraordinary diverſion of *Solon*.

I am ſenſible that *Callow* was ſo like the life, that the *Rot me* Sparks openly declar'd their diſſatisfaction at the Satyr: but 'tis a ſign it hit them, when they complain of the wound. 'Tis a baſe and ill-natur'd, as well as ignorant Age of Criticiſm, when the Vertues of a *Play* ſhall be Arraigned as Defects; for if theſe Gentlemen underſtood either the Original, or end of *Comedy*, they wou'd never quarrel with the Satyr of it, ſince from it's beginning 'twas deſign'd to correct Vice, and Folly, by expoſing them.

Little had the Poetick harmony of *Orpheus* contributed to the benefit of Mankind, by calling the Humane Salvages from their rude way of living, to Society, if *Comedy* had not come in to reform thoſe abuſes which grew from Converſation; Neceſſity indeed was its Mother, for the Follies and Vices of

the City as well as the Country, grew beyond all other Redreſs, which made the country People (to whom we owe too the Beucolic Poetry) when they Celebrated their Feſtivals to *Apollo Nomius*, for the preſervation of the Fruits and Products of the Earth, in Songs and *Madrigals* recriminate on thoſe that had abus'd them: From this beginning, they made another ſtep, and in the night time they frequently entred the City, and expos'd ſuch of the more Opulent and Remarkable Citizens, as by their Vanities or Oppreſſions had render'd themſelves juſtly odious; here they proceeded to a particular enumeration of the wrongs they had receiv'd, and the ills which they had ſuffer'd under. The *Magiſtrates* and Government obſerving that this Courſe was more Powerful than the Laws for the reſtraining of Vice, and that the fear of the loſs of their Reputation, kept thoſe from ill, that cou'd perhaps evade the Penalties of the Laws by Money, or Favour; granted a formal Licenſe for the performing this in the day time in Verſe, from thence *Comedy* immediately derives it ſelf, which at firſt, like our *Lampoons*, fear'd not to mention the very names of thoſe it wou'd expoſe. *Cratinus* was the firſt that divided into diſtinct Parts, or Acts; and *Ariſtophanes* brought it to a more Regular and Compleat Form; the liberty and bold aſſurance of this firſt ſtate of *Comedy*, *Horace* in his Fourth Satyr of his firſt Book, ſhews us in theſe Five Verſes.

Expolii, atque Cratinus, Ariſtophanesque Poeta
Atque alii quorum Comœdia Priſca virorum eſt,
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quod Malus aut fur
Quod Mœchus foret, aut Sicarius, *aut alioqui*
Famoſus, multâ cum libertate notabant.

But the Thirty Tyrants of *Athens* being themſelves ſo guilty of all manner of Vices, thought they cou'd not better ſecure themſelves in the practice of them, than to gain a Liberty for others to come in for their ſhare, that by the multitude of Offenders, they might be the leſs obſerved; but they knew no way to effect their deſire, but by taking away this Liberty of *Comedy*, which kept the Citizens in awe, and within the bounds of Juſtice; wherefore they eſtabliſh'd a Law, that any one that ſhould find himſelf expos'd on the Stage, might ſue for Satisfaction. This pleas'd the Wealthy ones ſo well, that after Expulſion of theſe Uſurpers, *Athens* preſerv'd this Sanction which ſo much indulged their inclinations; ſo that from this time the *Chorus* was left off in *Comedies*, for in that chiefly were names of particular Perſons, with their Crimes recited. *Horace* ſeems to approve of this Alteration, in theſe words,

Succeſſit vetus his Comœdia non ſine multâ
Laude, ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi; *lex eſt accepta Chorusq;*
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

But ſtill the Buſineſs of *Comedy* was to expoſe the general Vices and Follies of the Age, under feign'd Names: So that to except againſt your Play, for the Satyr of it only, ſhews your Enemies are wretchedly put to't to find a real fault in't, when they condemn that which is an Excellence, without which, the

Poet

Poet gains but half his point, loſing the Utile, which is an eſſential part of his Deſign and Duty.

But if you cou'd meet with generous Enemies, they would forgive thoſe Errors their quicker ſight might diſcover, for the Beauties and delightful Entertainment of the Lyrick part, the Songs I mean, in which I think there is none will (I am ſure none ought to) diſpute your Title to the Preheminence.

If there be any fault in this Play, 'tis that which few are guilty of; that is, there are too many good Characters, too full of Humour, a very pardonable failing, which only proceeds from Variety, the life of Pleaſure and Wit, tho' that gave it the diſadvantage of ſeeming too long the firſt days Acting, tho' the Stage's being throng'd with Spectators, did not a little contribute to the imperfect Acting of it, which accidental Misfortunes concurring with the Endeavours of an oppoſite Faction, muſt needs have damn'd it, had it not by the Force and Vigour of it's own Worth, rais'd it ſelf the ſecond day with the general Applauſe of all that ſaw it. *Horace* thinks it a ſufficient proof of a good Poem, if it will bear a ſecond view;

Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc bis repetita placebit.

But the *Marriage-Hater* went further, and in ſpight of all the diſadvantages it labour'd under of Action and Audience, pleas'd on, after ſeveral times Repetition, and will as long as *Wit*, *Humour*, and *Plot* ſhall be eſteem'd as neceſſary Materials to compoſe a good Play. Which have given me ſo great a Satisfaction both in Reading and Seeing, that I muſt beg you, to give me leave, to atteſt it to the World,

Who am,

Your Friend, and Humbleſt Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

The

The NAMES and CHARACTERS.

L. Brainless. A Pert, Noisy, Impertinent Boy, always thrusting himself into th Ladies company, and receiv'd for his Treats, and the diversion his Folly gives; a great Admirer of *La Pupsey*, and Jealous of her Lapdog: Acted by Mr. *Bowman*.

***Sir* Philip Freewit.** A wild witty Gent. of the Town, who being Jilted by Lady *Subtle*, whom he once Loved, professes himself a *Marriage-Hater*: Acted by Mr. *Monfort*.

***Sir* Lawr. Limbber.** A peevish, old-fashion'd Courtier, ridiculously Indulgent and Fond of the too Fools his Sons: Acted by Mr *Sandford*.

***Capt.* Darewell.** An honest blunt Sea Captain, true to his Country's Interest, and the Government: Acted by Mr. *Hodson*.

***Myn Here* Van Grin.** A Clowniſh fat Flanderkin, always laughing at what he says himself, and believing it a Jest, tho' never such Nonsence: Acted by Mr. *Leigh*.

Bias. Eldest Son to Sir *Lawrence*, a blunt rude Booby, saucy with Women; and tho' despis'd by 'em, very opinionated of his own Merit: Acted by Mr. *Bright*.

Solon. Youngest Son to Sir *Lawrence*, a dull softly Fool, till vex'd, but then Robustly stout and fearless of Danger: Acted by Mr. *Dogget*.

Callow. A Rascally Lieutenant, disaffected to the Government, tho' he has taken a Commission to serve it; a Fellow of no Principles, and always ending every Paragraph of his Discourse with an Oath or a Curse: Acted by Mr. *Bowen*.

MacBuffle. —— An ignorant Irishman, Servant to Sir *Philip*: Acted by Mr. *Trefuse*.

Thummum —— A Toping Parson, Brother to *Mac Buffle*; by Mr *Smeaton*.

Splutter. A Cunning Tricking Lawyer, a Creature of Lady *Subtles*. —— Acted by Mr. *Colly*.

WOMEN.

***Lady* Subtle.** A Proud, high Spirited Widow, who thinking her self affronted by Sir *Philip*, by his Intrigue with *Phæbe*, tho' she had ingag'd to Marry him, breaks off all, and takes another. Acted by Mrs. *Barry*.

***Lady* Bumfiddle.** A Prating, Matchmaking, Eating, Impertinent Creature, visiting every one for the sake of a good Dinner, and always teizing 'em with fulsom stories of the Intriegues about the Town: Acted by Mrs. *Cory*.

Phæbe, *alias* Lovewell. A Pretty Innocent, well-natur'd Creature, who being in Love with Sir *Philip*, and debauch'd by him upon his promise of Marriage, puts her self into Boys Clothes, and manages his business against the Widow, underhand: Acted by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Berenice. A witty Sister to Lady *Subtle*, a Brisk, Humorous, Freakish Creature, who tho' She is in Love with Captain *Darewel*, is always teizing and playing tricks with him to know his Temper: Acted by Mrs. *Lassels*.

La Pupsey An Impertinent Creature, always stuffing her discourse with hard words, and perpetually kissing and talking to her Lap Dog: Acted by Mrs. *Butler*.

Margery. Daughter to Sir *Lawrence*, a Lisping, Raw, Ignorant Skittish Creature, Modest before Company, but otherwise awkerdly Confident: Acted by Mrs. *Lawson*.

Commode. —— Woman to *Berenice*. **Primwell.** —— Woman to Lady *Subtle*.

Singers, Masquers, Drawers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE *The Park near* Kensington. *The Space, Thirty Hours.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Philip *and* Lovewell.

Sir *Phil.* GOod Morrow to my ſweet Contriver, thou dear Life-blood of my Deſign, how goes our Buſineſs forward?

Love. Why juſt like that of a needy Client, who has a knotty Cauſe and no Fee to give, the Stars we us'd to brag of, Sir *Philip*, have fail'd us in this Juncture, damnably.

Sir *Phil.* Black Clouds, and Fogs of rank envenom'd Fenns, eclipſe 'em for't, I ſay, but prithee, my little Engineer, how have they fail'd? hah, what has this Devil of a Widow over-reach'd us agen, are the writings come from *Hambourgh?*

Love. Moſt certainly, and by another Hand than we expected.

Sir *Phil.* Another Hand, who, prithee?

Love. Why, by what I could diſcover by the glimpſe I had of him, and by liſtning in the next Room, I find him to be a Man of more Bulk than Brain; in ſhort, a Swagbelly'd Flanderkin, a Nephew to our old Knight, Sir *Lawrence*, in Quality of Fortune recompens'd with Fifteen hundred a Year, but in the Quality of Brain and Senſe, nothing; a very devil of a Lover, as indeed all that Nation are; and yet I find, for all that, the Blockhead comes hither a wooing.

Sir *Phil.* And ſo this Blockhead, with a Pox to him, has fruſtrated all our Wit, hah.

Love. It ſeems ſo, for the Widdow has been ſo alarm'd with the loſs of the Three thouſand pounds worth of Jewels, which you by my induſtry have lately got from her; that ſhe has cunningly prevented our Deſign upon the Writings, and ſo underhand, order'd this Nephew, who you muſt know, has a deſign upon her Perſon, to ſecure 'em from you, and bring 'em over, he hapening to lodge in the very Houſe where her Husband, Sir *Solomon* dy'd.

Sir *Phil.* 'Tis always ſo; put a Trick upon any Widow, that do's not return it e're a Twelve-month ends, and you may conclude the Devil's grown weary with Obliging her Tribe, quite tir'd with the croud of their intollerable Miſchiefs. Prithee what's to be done?———S'death, muſt I loſe an Eſtate of Seventy thouſand Duckets ſo ridiculouſly?

Love. Was your deceas'd Friend real to ye? are you ſure there's no flaw in the Will? Pray tell me the ſtory once more; I ought to have that repeated once a day, to refreſh my Brain for the more ſubtle contriving.

Sir *Phil.* With all my Heart, to begin then, as I told thee before, Sir *Solomon Subtle* being my boſom intimate and intire Friend, going, about two Years ſince, with me, to viſit this beautiful Devil, my then Miſtreſs, fell ſo deſperately in Love with her, that his ſtrange diſquiets were every day more and more viſible to me; I knew his Generoſity and Love to me, made him diſguiſe it as well as he could, but falling ſick, at laſt was forc'd to own it; you may gueſs how I was puzled in the buſineſs, much to my love was due, and much to my Friend, till at laſt, reſolv'd to help him as much as in reaſon I could, I urg'd to him this friendly

Propoſall

Propoſal, that he ſhould have a Months time fairly to ſolicit her, at the end of which, he that ſhe choſe ſhould marry her; whilſt the unfortunate, refus'd, diſpos'd himſelf to Travel; he as he had great reaſon, giving me a world of Thanks, conſents,, and fits himſelf againſt the time of tryal.

Love. This was a ſtrange proof of Friendſhip, I confeſs.

Sir *Phil.* 'Twas ſo, and done meerly to ſave his Life, that when refus'd, Travel, might eaſe his Sorrows, for I confeſs I thought my ſelf ſecure, but ſee the Miſchief of a Woman's Nature; my Friend, that but a Month's ſhort ſpace had woo'd her, ſucceeds when I leaſt thought, by her free choice, and I who beſt deſerv'd, diſgrac'd and ſlighted.

Love. This was Levity indeed, and you may rail with Reaſon.———

Sir *Phil.* My Friend, Sir *Solomon*, upon this, according to Agreement, Marries her, and has in Portion Seventy thouſand Duckets, and afterwards in return of the generous Friendſhip I had ſhew'n him, publickly declar'd, That, dying without Iſſue, if I ſurviv'd, he would by Will bequeath his Wife and all her Fortune to me.

Love. A pretty kind of Legacy.

Sir *Phil.* He being of a weakly Conſtitution, in ſhort time after dyes at *Hambourgh*, as he was taking poſſeſſion of another Eſtate juſt left him by an Uncle there, for ſhe, a young freſh, buxom, active, *Bona Roba*, had ſo out-done him in the buſineſs Conjugal, that th'Soul unable to ſupply the Body, forc'd it ſelf out, to ſeek for reſt elſewhere.

Love. Oh, pray let that Buſineſs alone, and come to your own.

Sir *Phil.* In ſhort then, the Will was made as he had promis'd, and I nam'd joynt Executor with her, as I was credibly inform'd by a true Friend, that ſince unluckily was kill'd at Sea, who reported too, that I was left Heir to the other Eſtate given by his Uncle, ſo that I being Ignorant of any Witneſs, and without poſſeſſion of the Deeds, could never right my ſelf.

Love. But, pray what cauſe have you e're given the Widow to make her ſo Inveterate?

Sir *Phil.* Why, I gueſs the main and chiefeſt Cauſe is thy ſelf, thou knoweſt dear *Phebe.*

Love. Lovewell, if you pleaſe, in this Habit, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Dear *Lovewell*, then, that ever ſince the Widows Jilting me, I've had a ſtrange Antipathy to Marriage, which (not my want of Love) has been the cauſe of my not doing thee the common Juſtice, in recompenſing that dear Virgin Treaſure thou gav'ſt up to my Arms.

Love. If I ſhould talk t'ye of my little Boy, now, 'twould ſet me a crying, and you'd but laugh at me.

Sir *Phil.* Well, let him alone then to his Rattle and Bells, and obſerve me; this Venial Ship of mine, the Widow, has been told of, and her proud Spirit finding my averſion to wear my Friend's old Boots, I mean, her ſelf, reſolves to balk me of my Executorſhip, and keep the Writings cloſe, tho' the late Jewels were by thy Wit, unknown to her, ſurpriz'd.

Love. I think that was ſubtly enough manag'd, to ſnap the Meſſenger with the Casket, juſt within ſight of the Lodging, and wheedle him to yours.

Sir *Phil.* 'Twas a Maſter-piece———and if thou canſt but get the Writings too.———

Love. You ſee I have plaid my part well too, to get my ſelf in this habit, into the Family, and Sir *Lawrence*'s favour, with pretending to be a Relation of her

her you had debauched, who was his Kinswoman, this looks with a lucky face: What say ye, will ye be good and marry me, if I get what you desire?

Sir *Phil.* Canst thou doubt it? why then we shall have enough to make us easie, Child.

Love. Why then smile Fate, whilst I my wit pursue,
For such a Fortune, such a Husband too,
What won't a Maid in my Condition do? *Exit.*

Sir *Phil.* Right, but we must have two words to the bargain for all that, Child: 'Tis a good natur'd loving Tit, and o' my Conscience, the wittiest Baggage that ever told a lie t' excuse her Lover; her Father was an honest Country Parson, the Offspring of which Sect, by the way I've observ'd, seldom or never fails to be good ones; and he had so cloy'd her with musty Morals and lukewarm scraps from the old Patriarchs, a Diet so disagreeable to a young Wenches Constitution, that she, like a Gudgeon, snapt at my first Bait; nor was there need of a Hook, the Creature was so greedy: Well, if she does trick this Widow, and get the Writings, she will deserve extreamly well of me; but Marriage is such an unreasonable reward for an Estate, that 'tis like giving a Man means to purchase variety of Delicates, and at the same time, obliging him to chaw upon one Rump of Beef all his life time.

Enter Darewell.

Dare. What, Sir *Philip*, my eyes dazle sure, 'tis impossible!

Sir *Phil.* Hoh! my noble Man of War! welcome on Shoar, but why impossible, Friend? what wonders dost thou find?

Dare. Thee in this place, the Park, so near the Air of *Kensington*, and yonder place of Terrour the Widow's Lodgings.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, Sir, your Widow, like a Ship just return'd from a Sea fight, can do little or no hurt upon a second Attack, she has spent all her Artillery upon the first Engagement.

Dare. She rails at thee most dreadfully, and blushes through her Mourning when thou art but nam'd, as the Sun does through a Cloud when a Summer Shower is falling.

Sir *Phil.* Her Mourning? why has the Snake then battend in the skin of her Hypocrisie so long? and does the demure Peak oppress the Forehead still? the Devil's in her; why this is quite contrary to a Widows Policy, she should have new wash'd and furbish'd up the premises long before this for a new Comer; when the Bill stands too long upon the door, 'tis sign the Tenement's not worth Letting.

Dare. Ha, ha, ha, I have heard of your Whoring too, Sir, she has told us all within yonder.

Sir *Phil.* Ay, and would have told thee of her Husband's Cuckoldom too, as well, if she had not a design to draw another into the noose.

Draw. No a Pox on't, this is malice, all the World allow her to be virtuous.

Sir *Phil.* They allow her to be proud indeed, and consequently ill natur'd, and reserv'd, Virtue is a rank Cheat in most of the Sex, when once a Womans Pride promotes her Chastity, her Virtue is the greatest Vice she has.

Enter Callow *With a Letter.*

Dare. How now, Lieutenant, has't got an Answer?

Callow. Yes, Sir, and a pleasant Story to tell you that belongs to't.

Dare. Speak softly; another time for that, yonder's your Uncle.

Callow. Sir *Philip*, your most humble Servant. [Darewell reads.

Sir *Phil.* So Cozen, I see you're equipp'd well, your Commission like your Scarf too fit's close t'ye, your Sword too of good dimension, but I am told your heart is loose in th' hilts, and tho' you wear the King's name in your Pocket, you herd with those that hate his Government.

Callow. Who I, Uncle? he's the Son of a Whore that told ye so, let me but know him, and rot me, I'll make him eat the Sword you speak of; nay, not only the Sword, but the Hilt, the Knot, the Scabbard, the Chape, the Belt, and the Buckles, Broil me.

Sir *Phil.* And why that Rakehelly Cant of Rot me, Burn me, Broil me? Art thou afraid thou shalt not dye and be damn'd soon enough!

Callow. Custom, faith Uncle, Custom, besides I think Rot me, Sink me, Burn me, Broil me, *&c.* are as pretty Tags to a Souldiers discourse, that would be thought a brave Fellow, as odsnigge, and sincerely, are for a Citizen that intends to cheat under the notion of the Pious; this is my opinion, Rot——O Lord, 'twas coming again.

Sir *Phil.* No, 'tis the Scoundrel Company you keep, such as the young Fop Lord *Brainless*, then they say y'are always stewing at my fat Lady *Bumfiddle*'s, and so great an Admirer of that eternal Mill-clapper, Mrs. *La Puppey*, that you pay Homage to her very Lap-dog.

Callow. Never rallied her but once in my life, sink me——'twas a coming again: 'tis true, I've an honour for my Lady *Bumfiddle*, because——

Sir *Phil.* Because she's the best Procurer in Town; hush, not a word, lest the Captain hear us, but look to't, for tho' as My Kinsman, I would not willingly see thee hang'd.

Callow. I humbly thank ye, Uncle.

Sir *Phil.* Yet, Sir, I'de cut your Throat, to save your Credit.

Callow. Wou'd ye so, Sir, I should not thank ye very much for that tho, Rot me,——O Lord, there 'twas out.

Sir *Phil.* Well, my dear Captain, I can find by the fold of that Paper, the Shoar is like to engage thee sometime here, and therefore thou hast the more leasure to tell me, what News abroad, how stands our Publick Affairs, bravely, hah?

Dare. As heart can wish, friend, the *Turk* will get no more ground in *Hungary*, the *French* King no more in *Flanders*, the *Sweed* will get nothing by his Neutrality, the *Irish* and *Scotch* make no more Rebellion; the *English* Fleet will no more stand out in Action, nor the *French* Victual themselves again with our Mutton.

Sir *Phil.* Spoke like a true *English* heart of Oake, gad I see success in thy very look, I'm sure we shall beat 'em; but who are these coming down the walk yonder?

Dare. One of 'em is Sir *Lawrence Limber*, I'm sure I know the Old Scoundrel by his Chollerick motion.

Callow. And 'tother his Nephew, newly come from *Hambourgh*, his Name they tell me is *Myn heer van Grinn*, and rot me, 'tis very well apply'd, for he does nothing but grin and make faces all the while he's talking, they say he's

Son

Son to a great Senator there, but he's a Blockhead for all that, ſink me.

Sir *Phil.* I muſt play the Bucket with him, and vaniſh when he appears, there's reaſon for't——Adieu, Friend, thou ſhalt know more another time. [*Exit Sir* Phil.

Enter Sir Lawrence, *and* Van Grinn.

Van Grinn. And ſo Uncle, as I was telling ye, ha, ha, ha, ha,——'tis a very good jeſt faith, the Widow, the Widow, ha, ha, ha, pray mind me Uncle, after I had ſhew'd her the Writings, which ſhe had ſuch a plaguy mind you muſt know to keep from this Sir *Philip*, what does ſhe do, ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis a very good jeſt faith, what does ſhe do Uncle, but brings me down into the Parlor.

Sir *Lawr.* Well, what then——where's the jeſt of that? [*Peeviſhly.*

Van Grinn. Why I'll tell ye, ha, ha, ha, if you'll have but patience, 'tis a very good jeſt faith, taking me there into a Corner, after I had bruſh'd her o're the Lips with a Flemiſh buſs or ſo, ha, ha, ha,——Sir, ſays ſhe, with a low Courteſie, you're welcome to *England*, d'ye mind me, Uncle? ha, ha, ha, 'tis a very good jeſt, faith.

Sir *Lawr.* 'Oons let's hear it, 'tis very long a coming, prithee let's hear this jeſt.

Van Grinn. Why preſently, Lord what haſte you're in, 'dsfiſh d'ye think a jeſt like an Old Man's Marriage, is done without Conſideration; ha, ha, ha, there I was with the Old Scoundrel ſharp, faith and troth.

Sir *Lawr.* Oh Pox, nay if you expect I'll ſtay for't 'till the Sun ſets, good buy t'ye, your Servant Captain *Darewell.*

Dare. Sir *Lawrence* I am yours.

Van Grinn. Why here 'tis then, come the Captain ſhall hear too, ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis a very good one faith, I muſt deſire ye, Sir, ſays ſhe, to conveigh the Writings, d'ye mind me Uncle? to Mr. *Splatters* my Husband's Councellor, to ſuperviſe them, ha, ha, ha, for ſays ſhe (mind me) Uncle, you that were employ'd by my Husband, are moſt fit to be intruſted by me your humble Servant.

Sir *Lawr.* A Plague, and what of all this, the jeſt, the jeſt Man!

Van Grinn. The jeſt, Why I've a deſign to marry her, ye old Skellum, (Old Gent. I mean) and to ſave me the trouble of Courting, ſhe meets me half way, and, tho' a Widow, truſts me with her Writings, ha, ha, ha, ha, is not that a plaguey ſign, faith and troth?

Sir *Lawr.* Not of a jeſt, by the Parliament, tho' I have been waiting an hour for't.

Van Grinn. Of her Love, man, there's the jeſt, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Lawr.* Ah! the *Low-Country* Fogs choak thee for a dull Rogue, love thee, hark'e——ſhe neither loves thee one jot, nor is there any jeſt in't at all, by the Parliament.

Van Grinn. No jeſt! that's a good one, faith, ha, ha, ha, what ſay you Captain, no jeſt?

Dare. I am expecting, Sir, I have ſet my face this half hour.

Van Grinn. Expecting, the jeſt is flown to *Pernaſſus* top by this time, ha, ha, ha; pray Sir, what's your Opinion? [*To* Callow.

Callow. I have not ſeen the glimps of a Jeſt to day, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* Unleſs grinning, gaping, and making of Sarrazen-faces be a Jeſt,

Captain will you believe me, I swear by the Parliament, you know my Oath when I'm serious, but that I knew his Father who was my Brother, I should believe that his Mother was intimate with some Baboon, and he were the effect of her unnatural Conception.

Darew. A merry Man, Sir *Lawrence*, I see he's always in humour.

Sir *Law.* Merry, a pox on him, he is not merry neither; 'tis true, one would think that when a Man laughs he should be merry, but 'tis otherwise with him, for this Fool shall grin at any thing, and as much when he is Cudgel'd, as when he is Complemented——the least trifle will do it, as for Example now——[*Pulls off his Peruke, puts on Spectacles, and shakes his head.*

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha——very good jest I faith, Captain, look upon my Uncle's bald pate there, and the Spectacles, ah poor Nuncle, halloo, halloo, halloo, there went the Hair away, ha, ha, ha.

Darew. Ah the Devil take thee, what a Damn'd pun the Rogue has found out?

Callow. Broil me, the Old fellow looks very Comically, but I won't laugh, because he has a Rich young fool to his Daughter, that I've a Design upon.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Gives him a Pat.*

Sir *Law.* D'ye see Captain, a senceless Rogue, d'ye mind him, an ignorant Puppy, to stand grinning all this while at the Hopourable Emblem of Age and Experience——and to dare to be saucy with me too, I've no more patience, I'll Cudgel him. [Darewell *interposes.*

Captain stand by a little, and you shall see me break three of his Ribs, I'll do't, by the Parliament, I'm serious.

Darew. Oh, you must not strike here, Sir *Lawrence*, 'tis too near the Court, and will look like ill manners.

Sir *Law.* 'Odso, y'are in the right, troth Captain, I have been a Courtier this Fifty years, and never wag'd my Finger out of order yet, but I'll manage you another way, friend——You get a Widow with that Flanderkin Owls Phiz? No fool, my two Sons come to Town to day from *Shrewsbury*, *Bias* and *Solon*, *Bias* can tickle up a Widow as she ought, he shall have her I'm resolv'd on't, by the Parliament he shall, I'm serious.

Darew. Now by this Oath of his can't I perceive whether this Old Sarab be for Monarchy, or the Comonwealth.

Callow. Oh broil him, for Monarchy without doubt, you heard him say he has been an Old Courtier.

Darew. That I had forgot, indeed.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha——So Uncle, you say your Son *Bias* shall carry the Widow, a very good jest faith, but that's as she and I shall agree Uncle; the Widow has already some feeling knowledge of my parts, she has Uncle, ha, ha, ha, good agen, she knows what's what Uncle——the difference between a strong portly able Fellow fit for Service, ha, ha, ha; and a weakly Consumptive Puny Shrimp, fit for nothing but to make Sauce of, ha, ha, ha, ha; so that if *Bias* is not for her turn Uncle, I hope another may that's better lik'd, tho' *Bias* were as wise as his Namesake, the Philosopher of——ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Law.* D'ye see, Captain, he's at it still, on my Conscience the Rogue will grin if he was at the Resurrection.

Enter Lovewell.

Darew. Oh no, the Fatigue of Doom's-day will make him serious, I warrant ye.

Sir *Law.*

Sir *Law.* How now *Lovewell*, who would you ſpeak with?

Love. Sir I come to tell ye that the two young Gentlemen your Sons are arriv'd, and being inform'd by me that you were walk'd into the Park, are coming yonder to meet ye.

Sir *Law.* Are they come, that's well, now Captain pray obſerve my Son *Solon*, my Son *Bias* is the Elder, 'tis true, a pretty brisk Blade, but my Son *Solon* has a head fit for a Stateſman, ſollid, ſollid, *Solon*'s a prodigious Fellow.

Darew. There's ſome wonderful vertue in this *Solon* ſure.

Callow. I'll hold any man a *Dutch* Ducket he's a Coxcomb, ſink me.

Sir *Law.* Now Buffle look to your ſelf, here's one coming will quickly put your Noſe out of joynt with the Widow I warrant ye [*To* Van Grinn.

Van Grinn. What, while ſhe truſts me with her Writings, that's a very good jeſt faith, ha, ha, ha.

Love. Truſt him with the Writings, that's well, this was a lucky diſcovery, and I'll manage it accordingly, you ſhall have more Waiters than you expect, my jolly Flanderkin. [*Aſide.*

But no more of this at preſent, here comes the other brace of Boobies.

[*Enter* Solon, *and* Bias *with a Patch on's face, they ask Bleſſing.*]

Sir *Law.* Bleſs ye, bleſs ye, y'are welcome to Town, but what's the matter Son *Bias*? What ailes your Face?

Darew. Has the Gentleman bin in ſome Quarrel?

Bias. That's no matter, let it be as it will, ſome body ſhall find he has more than no body to deal with, my Brother *Solon*, can tell you more, a Jeſt is but a Jeſt, and every Body is free in the King's High-way, and if I did kiſs her, 'twas no more than ſhe deſerv'd, and every Gentleman might do, my Brother *Solon* can tell you more.

Van Grinn. A very good Jeſt faith; ſee how *Solon* looks, ha, ha, ha, Dam him, I knew he muſt be a Coxcomb.

Sir *Law.* What have you been in a Scuffle, ſince you came to Town? how came your Brother's head broke, *Solon*?

Solon. Why, truly Father, my Brother *Bias* was, as one may ſay, ſomewhat ſaucy with a Centry that belong'd to that great Houſe yonder.

Sir *Law.* 'Slife the Court, my heart trembles within me, well, go on, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Solon. There came by a young Woman, you muſt know, with a Basket of Straw-berries, a fring'd lac'd cocking, topping, rowzy, frowzy young Woman, as a Man may ſay, and as I told you before, with a Basket of Straw-berries.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha,——I'll put in and interrupt him, ſo Couſin *Solon*, and what then——a very good Jeſt faith, as a Man may ſay.

Solon. Why, if ye are my Couſin, that may be, but I did not indeed tell my Tale to you, I'm talking to my Father, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. You need not be ſo curious in the matter, let things go as they will, 'tis but a head broke, and I've had as much at Cudgels a hundred times before now, why what a-do's here, my brother *Solon* can tell you more.

Darew. 'Sdeath, theſe brace of Fools, are more nauſeous than 'tother, I'm ſick of 'em already.

Sir *Law.* Heart and Lungs, why doſt not go on *Solon*? I'm afraid, Captain, the raſh Boy, has affronted ſome Quality or other about the Court, which, by the Parliament

liament, I would not he ſhould for a thouſand Pound, I'me ſerious.

Solon. In ſhort, then, my Brother *Bias* would have gone into that great Houſe with his Boots on, at which the Centry ſtops him, at which the young Woman laughs, de'e laugh, ſays *Bias*, I'le buſs ye for that i'fackins.

Sir *Law.* Mettle to the back, Captain, juſt ſo was I my ſelf, in my young days, juſt ſo in troth.

Solon. So *Bias* buſs'd her whether ſhe would or no, and I vow, and ſwear, I had a huge mind to be at her my ſelf, for 'twas a curious fine Woman, and had the ſofteſt, whiteſt Neck, as a Man may ſay.

Van Grinn. Why, well ſaid *Solon*, gramercy *Solon*, *Solon*'s a plaguy Dog at a Wench, I warrant him, ha, ha.

Bias. Nay, ſhe need not have ſquauld and ſqueak'd at that rate, as if ſhe had been Raviſh'd, 'twas no ſuch ſtrange matter to her, for I heard 'twas but a Chamber-maid, after all.

Sir *Law.* Gad I'm glad of that however, as I hope to be ſav'd, Captain, I was afraid it might have bin one of the Maids of Honour, and then my Son had bin ruin'd for ever, he had, by the Parliament, now I'm ſerious.

Callow. This Sottiſh old Fellow, is as great a Dunce as his Sons, Rot me.

Sir *Law.* And ſo in ſhort, *Bias* ruffled the Woman, and the Centry broke his head for't.

Solon. You have hit it in troth, Father, as a man may ſay.

Van Grinn. The Centry hit it, you mean, *Solon*, a very good jeſt again, faith, there are your wits, Nuncle, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir *Law.* Now is that grinning Dog in his Kingdom.

Re-enter Lovewell.

Love. Sir, if you are not too buſie, I ſhould deliver a Meſſage to you.

Van Grin. From whom, Sweet-heart?

Love. The Widow, Sir. [*Exit* Lovewell.

Van Grin. The Widow, huſh, I'll follow thee immediately; ſhe has ſome new fondneſs to ſhew me, I'll be hang'd elſe, ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good jeſt faith—— Good buoy Nuncle, my Noſe will be damnably bor'd, I ſee, my Couſin *Bias* muſt carry the Widow, and *Solon* has a head fit for a Stateſman,———ha, ha, ha, ha Sollid, Sollid.

Sir *Law.* Ah, would thou wer't hang'd that thou——— [*Exit* Van Grin.

Might'ſt grin to ſome purpoſe, by the Parliament.

Solon. 'Od, if I had thought he mock'd me, I would have had a pluck with him, I tell him, that there ſhould have been more marks in his Face than his Noſe, I tell him but ſo.

Bias. My Brother *Solon* and I would have ſhewn him ſome of *Shrewsbury* Play, i'faith, for all my Head's broke.

Sir *Law.* Well, not too much of that, good *Bias*, nor to no more of your Court Salutations, d'ye hear,——is no ſign of good Breeding, this is only heat of Blood, Captain, the working of the Animal Spirits; Youth, Youth, the Boys have known no Sorrow.

Darew. No faith, nor Joy neither, their Dolts are too Inſenſible, 'dsdeath, what a blind old Sot is this!

Sir *Law.* 'Troth, Captain, I've a great Care upon me, to know how to diſpoſe of theſe Boys; this *Bias* is a Lewd, Miſchievous, Young Dog, I deſign him for an Office.

Callow.

Callow. Sot, Rascal, Damn him, what does the Fellow mean?

Sir *Law.* T'other there shall be a Lawyer, because of his instructing Face, he'll be a Prodigious Fellow, for look ye, Captain, if you mind it, his face will become a Serjeants Quoif extreamly, he'll certainly be a Prodigious Fellow.

Darew. A Prodigious Fellow, indeed——Oh the insufferable blindness of a dull Father.

Sir *Law.* And as for Wives, I have 'em ready for 'em, My Son *Bias* shall have the Widow, and my Son *Solon* her Sister, both swinging Fortunes, by the Parliament.

Darew. 'Ds'death, what says he, her Sister——my Mistress, by this light.

Sir *Law.* They're now at home with my Sister *Bumfiddle*: I'll go watch her coming out, for I'm resolv'd to propose it to night; and so my noble Captain, Farewell.

Darew. Hold, hold, Sir *Lawrence*, a word with you first.

Sir *Law.* Not for a thousand Pound, Sir, it comes into my head that this is the lucky minute. Come *Bias*, farewell Captain, come along *Solon*, come.

[*Exeunt Sir* Lawrence, *and Sons.*

Callow. Well, if ever I had so much Patience since I was born, boil me; why there are not four such Fools again within the four Seas; sink me; and I hope the Daughter is as bad.

Darew. I'm glad the old Coxcomb has told me his design upon the Widow's Sister, I'll prevent his Sons folly there, I'll warrant him; this Letter from her I hope is more favourable than the rest, how cam'st thou to get it, she was in a very good humour sure?

Callow. Why, my Intimacy in the Family made her Employ me, I believe; besides knowing that I was coming to ye; but as to her humour, she's no Changeling, 'twas just at the old rate.

Darew. What freakish, freakish! come, before I read her *Billet-doux*, prithee tell me, what did she say of me?

Callow. Why she said you were an Ass,——Devil take me.

Darew. I thank her: well, go on.

Callow. She says she believes ye to be one of those fresh-water Captains, that was so purposely blind that you would not see the *French* Fleet, when they were out, for fear of fighting, but still laid excuse upon a great Fog.

Darew. Admirable! ha, ha, ha——

Callow. She says she'll never believe ye Valiant, till you get a wooden Leg, nor can ever love ye, till you do one thing for her.

Darew. What's that, prithee?

Callow. Hang your self: Rot me, I thought she was mad: the rest of her pretty humour you'll find in the Letter.

Darew. And without doubt, as good a Comedy as this is a Prologue: Well, I'll go and read it at my better leisure, and afterwards visit and teaze her as I see occasion.

Mild easie Love should never be abus'd,
But your mad Mistress must be madly us'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT. II. SCENE I.

[*Enter Lady* Subtle *dreſs'd in Mourning*, Berenice *and* Comode]

L. *Subtle.* IS my Lady gone, Siſter?

Beren. Gone, what before ſhe has her Mornings draught, before her thirſt is queneh'd with one quart Glaſs, and the quick motion of her tongue has dry'd her up for another; gone, ſaid ye! no, no, ſhe muſt have two Bumpers more, and a Dinner before ſhe goes, I'll ſecure ye.

Comode. She's below in the Parlour, Madam, teaching Sir *Lawrences* Daughter to keep out her Toes, and ſome new Rules of behaviour.

L. *Subtle.* Fogh that's a nauſeous Creature too, and indeed fit to learn of no body but her, for ſhe has too little tongue, and the t'other too much; ſhe liſps and flobbers out her words like a perfect Changeling, and the t'other, with a voice like a Trump-Marine, is ever bawling in your ears, and running over all the Intreagues of Town and Country, without ever breathing between.

Beren. She's Tutoring the two Sons I believe too, I hear they are come.

Comode. Yes to your Sorrows—— you'l be throng'd with Suitors now.

L. *Subtle.* If either of 'em ſpeaks of Love to me, I'll break his head, I hate both them, and all Mankind.

Beren. Sir *Philip* too, Siſter, come don't lye.

L. *Subtle.* Would thou wert hang'd for naming him, that Villain above all the reſt has the aſcendant, and with my late poor ſneaking fool that's dead, ſtill Plotted to affront me, but I'll throw off this nauſeous Black to morrow; ſhake off the Widow, and appear my ſelf gay, frolickſome, I'm ſure I've Youth enough, and Beauty, or my Glaſs deceives me, what a ſhame 'tis that Cuſtom ſhould make us ſuch Hypocrites to wear this filthy Dreſs, as a reſpect to a dull lazy drone of a Husband we wiſh would break his neck the next day after our Marriage.

Berenice. Why well ſaid, Widow, but is this Conſequent to that wringing of hands, that ſtorm of ſighs, and flood of tears that came from you when firſt you heard the News of the good Man's departure to his long home? are theſe two humours ſuitable?

L. *Subtle.* Thoſe tears were ſuitable to that time, Fool; tears are as natural then, as a ſmile is to a Lover when we receive a Preſent, or Flattery to a great Stateſman, from one that deſigns to beg a Place of him.

Beren. And they were ſhed I'll ſay that for 'em in abundance, ſorrow came flowing down in purling ſtreams, and Chriſtal Rivulets, as the Poets have it, and the Handkerchief was ſo wet——

L. *Subtle.* Reaſon good, Changling, I had an Union ty'd up in the Corner on't.

Comode. Does your Ladyſhip never intend to think more of Sir *Philip* then, I've heard you ſay you did love him once?

L. *Subtle.* Ay, and hate him the more for't now, intolleroble wretch, in the midſt of his Intrigue with me I diſcover'd the Villain had another that was with Child by him, upon which in a mad fit I married this dull Sir *Solomon*, who was juſt dying for me; yet good nature returning afterwards to this ungrateful *Freewit*, I was contented my Fortune ſhould be ſettled upon him after the Fool my Huſband's death, provided he behaved himſelf well to me; but o'th' contrary, he

inſolently

insolently disdains it, professes himself a *Marriage-Hater*, and poorly imagines his Wit shall get the Writings and Estate in spight of me, but I think I have balk'd him now, for I've just now sent 'em by Sir *Lawrence*'s Nephew to my Husband's Councel here in Town, who is my Creature, to find a flaw in 'em.

Beren. What, right or wrong, that's a rare Councellor indeed———

L. *Subtle.* Oh prithee mind tying thy Stockings up straight, and leave me to the management of my own affair; a Widow knows as well what to do with her Writings, after her Husband's Death, as thou dost with a troublesome Maidenhead before thou art Married; and prithee, now I think on't, what is become of thy Sea-Lover, the Captain hah, hast thou sunk him yet?

Beren. No he lies at Anchor still, and expects daily when he shall Grapple me, but I can't leave my old freakish humour for the heart of me, I use him like a dog sometimes, I can't help it faith, 'tis in my Nature.

Comode. She makes a meer Fool of him, soft, kind, and easie——as if she would invite him to Bed to her this minute, and the next cocks up her nose, frowns, calls him names, and will no more know him, than a new made Judge will a Country Attorny, that has formerly treated him at the Nine-pence Ordinary.

Beren. A Man looks so like a fool when he makes Love——that I can't for my Soul keep in one humour, and yet I like the honest blunt Dog well enough, if I would let one of the two-leg'd Bears rub their brisles upon my face, it should rather be him, than a Milksop flashy Beau at any time.

L. *Subtle.* Oh here's my Lady and the young Dowdy, now if there be any Intrigues or Matches stirring about the Town, we shall have 'em, I'm sure——— [*Sits down at the Toilet.*

Enter Lady Bumfiddle, *and* Margery.

L. *Bum.* Widow, I heartily beg thy Pardon for being so long from thee, I have been tormenting my self this hour below in the Parlour, with this aukward fool my Niece here, hark thee in thy ear. [*Sits down.*
I labour in vain, as I'm a Protestant, I shall never bring her to any thing, I have been swinging her this half hour in an Iron swing below, to make the Changling hold up her head.

L. *Subtle.* She's very flippant with my Sister yonder, you see.

L. *Bum.* Flippant, Lord help her, as I'm a Protestant, Child she can't speak one word of sence in a forenoon; flippant, shame on her, she makes me distracted; she can make shift 'tis true to ask for her Porridge or Water-gruel in a morning, but if a Man do but speak to her, or touch her, then she's presently at her——Let me alone, will ye? pish, what aileth the Man? fough, can't ye be quiet? Aunt, Aunt, the Man squeeseth me, and the like; and then makes more ugly faces than a Monky that has burnt his mouth with hot Chesnuts; and yet the senceless Jade is turn'd of Eighteen too, } *Mimicks* Margery *in*
An Age when, to my knowledge, } *Lisping, and Actions.*
If she have not her Womanly apprehensions about her, she will never have 'em, as I'm a Protestant.

L. *Subtle.* She has a very good Tutor of your Ladyship, I wonder she does not Learn.

L. *Bum.* Learn, why the thing has no Soul in't, Child, you may sooner teach an *Irish* Man the Art of Poetry, as I'm a Protestant. [*To* Berenice.

So my little Quinteſence of Converſation,——what, you are diverting your ſpleen upon my Niece there?

Beren. Quite contrary, Madam, for we have been railing at your Ladyſhip; ſhe ſays, laſt night at play, you would make her let a Gentleman tye on her Garter, tho' ſhe always wears 'em above her Knee.

L. *Bum.* 'Dslife, we were all at Queſtions and Commands, and he muſt tye on the Garter if the King Commands, tho' 'twere above her Waſte, 'tis the Authority of the Play, and the Changeling knows it well enough.

L. *Subt.* I find my Lady has been very obedient in her young days.

Marg. Well, well, I won't let him tho', I won't, and I care not a farthing whether ever I play again or no, for if ever he comes to touth my Legs, I'll give him a good dowth o'th' Chops, let the King thay what he will, he than't touch my Legs.

L. *Bum.* Thant touth your Legs,——ah Maukin, thy Husband that is to be, is like to have a fine time with thee, but indeed 'twould be no great ſatisfaction to him, for they are both Crooked.——

Beren. Hark'e, tell her, her own are the wrong end upward, ſhe has had neither Ancle nor Calf this ſeven Years.

Marg. O Lord, I've a good mind I vow and thwear, but that I'm afraid ſhe'll plague me with ſome thmutty Jeſt or other, for ſhe hath 'em at her Fingers ends, and, I vow, makes me bluſh ſometimes twenty times a day.

L. *Bum.* What, ſhe is grumbling at me, I warrant, ſenſeleſs Brute, becauſe I indeavour to inform her Stupidity, and make her fit.

Beren. For the Converſation of the *Beaux Eſprits*, Madam.——

L. *Bum.* For the buſineſs of this World, Child, ſhe ſhould not be afraid of a Man if I had the ordering her; 'dslife, when I was of her years, no Man durſt put a thing to me, but ſnap I had him in a moment; I came upon him Sowſe, with twenty Jeſts one after another, and afterwards made him look ſo like a Fool.

L. *Subt.* Your Ladyſhips Wit was equal to your bulk, Madam, and 'tis no wonder the Men were worſted, for a great Fellow durſt no more ſtand the ſeverity of your Jeſt, than a little Fellow your Fiſt, for the one was ſure to be outrallied, and the t'other to be knock'd down.

L. *Bum.* Nature indeed took care not to ſtint me in my Dimenſions; nor was I backwards in letting the Men know her benefits, as this Fool is here.

Marg. Well, well, I care not, the Men than't touth me, I'm retholv'd, I can't abide 'em; I'll let ne're a man in *England* touth me, but Mr. *Thummim* our Parthon.

L. *Bum.* The Parſon, d'ye hear her, Madam, for all her Skittiſhneſs, this Coy Queen ſhall ſit upon the Parſon's Lap two hours together, and you know ſome of thoſe are Plaguy Fellows, for all their demure looks, if ſhe were my Daughter, I had as lieve truſt her with a Dragoon as a Parſon, as I'm a Proteſtant.

Marg. Pugh, thay what you will, I love him for all that, for he teaches me Quethions and Reſponthes, and when I was a little Girl he taught me Morning and Night my Catechize, like a good Man as he is.

Beren. Ay Child, and now thou art a great Girl, he will teach thee the Matrimony, if thou wilt, I warrant him, the good Man won't give over his Devotion, if he finds thou art worth any thing.

L. *Bum.*

L. *Bum.* Come, prithee let's leave her to her Chalk and Oatmeal, [*Exit Margery.* for that all theſe ſkittiſh things come to, with Lips as green as a Leek, and a Face as if it were cut out of a Turnip; and let's talk of things more ſolid: Prithee, Widow what haſt got for Dinner? hah.

L. *Subt.* Pigeons, I think, my Lady, and ſomething elſe.

Beren. Oh, now ſhe's got into her Kingdom, to hear her talk all this while, and nothing of Eating, Drinking, nor Intreague, has me wonder, [*Aſide.*

L. *Bum.* Pigeons, Pox, that's pidling, melancholly ſtuff; haſt any Venſon, Child?

L. *Subt.* Veniſon, Madam, yes, I believe there is.

L. *Bum.* Prithee, what piece, doſt know, a Haunch? hah.——

L. *Subt.* I ſwear, Madam, I can't tell that, I'll ſend to my Cook and know, if you pleaſe; *Comode*, go to the Cook, and ask him.

L. *Bum.* Do, dear Mrs *Comode*, only for a fancy; for you muſt know, I dreamt of a Haunch laſt Night, and Mrs. *Comode*, with your Ladies leave, fill my Glaſs that I us'd to drink her Ladyſhip's health in, and bring it with ye.

Beren. So, now will ſhe get half drunk, and then if we ſcape being deaf, we are happy.

L. *Bum.* Widow I've got a Husband for thee, Child, I have been Contriving--

L. *Subt.* Oh, Madam, I beg your Ladiſhips pardon, I'll not marry.

L. *Bum.* Nay, 'tis neither to Sir *Lawrence*'s Nephew nor his Son, tho' I know he has a deſign upon thee for the laſt, but a Young, Brisk, Rich, Active, Handſome,——'odslife, and what's better than all, a Fool too, a rare Boy for a Widow.

Beren. I warrant your Ladyſhip knows all the Matches have been made this twenty Years.

L. *Bum.* Within three, I think Child——why, I make moſt of 'em my ſelf, I get five hundred pound a Year by it; nay, whether they marry or no, if I can but get 'em together, 'tis the ſame thing.

Beren. Truly then a Bawd and your Ladyſhip are not much unlike the ſame thing, in my Opinion. [*Aſide.*

L. *Bum.* I have obſerv'd, Widow, that no Intrigue that I have not had a hand in, has proſpered lately; My poor Lord *Spindle*, I hear, made an Effort laſt week upon Mis *Gamboll*, an Heireſs at *Greenwich*, but I not being in the Plot, my Lord loſt her: then Sir *John Limber*, a great Sportſman of the *North*, would fain have ſhot the Widow *Wagbum* flying, but he gave falſe Fire without me; my Brother here, too, for I'm no reſpecter of Perſons, intends to fix his Son *Bias* upon thee, Widow, and his Darling *Solon* upon Mrs. *Berenice* there, but not conſulting me, it ſhan't do, as I'm a Proteſtant.

L. *Subt.* Why then I find your Ladyſhip has a right and title to diſpoſe of me, whether I will or no.

L. *Bum.* Moſt Certainly, Child.

Beren. Pray, Madam, will your Ladyſhip give me leave to blow my Noſe, for I find I have nothing at my own command?

L. *Bum.* Oh, that you may, Witty Mrs. *Berenice*, freely:
Thank'e, good Mrs. *Comode*,—— [*Enter* Comode *with a great Glaſs full.*
well, I'll take a time to do ſome good turn for thee too, e're long, I will, as I'm a Proteſtant; I've an old Gentleman-Uſher in my Eye for thee.——

Comode. Thank your Ladyſhip; 'tis a Haunch, Madam, and Golliflowers.

L. Bum. It is, that's well; here, Widow, here's a health to thy merry Thought. [*Drinks.*

L. Subt. What does ſhe mean?

Beren. To be drunk, if ſhe ſwallows all that, or the Devil's in her.

L. Bum. Deliver me, what's this?——Egad, [*makes Faces and ſpits.*] Mrs. *Comode*, prithee what haſt thou given me here?——Egad.——

Comode. Lambeth-Ale, Madam.

L. Bum. Lambeth Ale, what a plague came into thy Head to give me *Lambeth*-Ale?

Comode. 'Tis freſh and good, Madam.

L. Bum. To give one the Gripes,——Egad, freſh and good, ſaid ſhe; Puddle for Frogs, as I'm a Proteſtant,——go prithee, fill it me with Sherry, Sugar and Nutmeg, according to the ancient, laudable Cuſtom, Fool.

L. Subt. Ha, ha, ha, this *Lambeth*-Ale has mortify'd her ſtrangely; go get my Lady ſome Sherry, you know what ſhe drinks well enough.

Beren. If you are given to miſtakes thus, Mrs. *Comode*, you may whiſtle for your Gentleman-Uſher, I'll tell ye that.

L. Bum. Prithee ſtand out of the way, and with my Ladies leave, I'll go and order it my ſelf.

L. Subt. This Baggage has hinder'd us of all our News. [*Ex.* L. Bumfiddle.

Beren. Oh, no, when ſhe has drunk her Bumper we ſhall have it with Intereſt, and Siſter, I ſee you are like to have more Gueſts, for there's two Chairs juſt now come in.

Comode. One of 'em carries my young Lord *Brainleſs*, I'm ſure, for I ſaw his Page.

Beren. Egad, I ſhall eat no Dinner then: Prithee Siſter, why doſt let that lewd, nauſeous, ſilly Boy viſit thee, 'tis as bad as a Lampoon to be in's Company?

L. Subt. 'Dslife, there's no avoiding him, he will viſit every body, nor is every Houſe ſufficient, but like a Fly he'll be buzing in every Corner on't.

Beren. Juſt as he uſes the Play-houſe, from the Box, whip he's in the Pit, from the Pit, hop he's in the Gallerey, from thence, hey paſs between the Scenes, in a moment, where I have ſeen him ſpoil many a Comedy, by baulking the Actors entrance, for when I have eagerly expected ſome Buffoon to divert, the firſt nauſeous appearance has been my Lord.

Comode. Oh, now I ſee who's i'th' t'other Chair, 'tis Mrs. *La Pupſey*, Madam.

L. Subt. And her Lapdog then, I'm ſure, why we ſhall have rare Diverſion, we need ſee no Play to day, the beſt Comedy will be acted here, however I'll avoid her as long as I can; but methinks, Siſter, 'tis fit you ſhould go and entertain my Lord.

Beren. Not I, I'll have none of your Lords, eſpecially ſuch as he is; your Lord is a Leaden Shilling to me, as the *Plain-Dealer* ſays.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Brainleſs, *and* La Pupſey, *with her Lapdog, Page waiting.*

L. Brain. Hey, where are all my Ladies People, here? the Family, methinks, are ſtrangely careleſs,—— this would be a mortal Crime in *France* now, we ne're viſit there, but you find a Footman at the bottom of every pair of Stairs, and a Page in every Room.

L. Pupſey.

L. Pupsey. Your Lordship is the Original of all good breeding, your bel ayr is incomparable, and your Address has something in it so soveraignty graceful, that it surprizes extreamly; the Cadance of your speech too is soft and symphonical, but above all, your Lordship's dress is always so *à Droite Novello & à propos*, that as you are the delight of the *Beau Monde*, you are certainly the envy of the *Beaux Esprits*: I have found his *French* vein, and will accordingly humour it. [*Aside.*

L. *Brain.* A pretty Creature this, but so horribly fortified with the shell of her Complements, that like a Tortise there's no attacking her before nor behind, the Devil take me——— [*Apart.*

L. *Pupsey.* I vow I'm pleas'd extravagantly with your Lordships particularity in your Stockings to day.

L. *Brain.* Gad, Madam, I must needs own I would not give three-pence for Humane Life, but for the honour of being esteemed by the Fair Sex, for——— something or other pretty Mrs. *Berenice*, yesterday, upon my asking her what Stockings she thought became my Leg best, told me buff-colour, or yellow——— implying Jealousie; adding withall this pleasant Conceit, that my Legs would seem as jealous of their Performance, being to make their Conge to the Merit and Beauty of my Mistress, which, faith, was well enough said; I think.

L. *Pup.* Nay, we of the Cabal do allow that *Berenice* has some wit.

L. *Brain.* Afterwards I ask'd your Opinion, you know, Madam; and you told me a Pink, upon which, faith, in pursuance of the *French* Gallantry, I resolve to honour your judgments, and wear both.

L. *Pup.* Your Lordship's most humble Servant. [*Courtesies.*
He's very obsequious of late, I hope he will marry me. [*Aside.*

L. *Brain.* All I fear is the young Fellows of the Town will get into the fashion too soon; for I'm sure it will take prodigiously, 'tis very particular and new.

L. Pupsey. 'Tis agreeable with the rest, my Lord, I wish my Lady were here to joyn with me in applause, I'll go find her out.

L. *Brain.* By no means, Madam. Sirrah, you Monkey——what a plague are you asleep; go and inform my Lady, or rather, Madam, since 'tis to serve you——I'll go my self——— [*Ex.* Brain. *and Page.*

L. *Pupsey.* His Sence is not the most genuine I have met with, therefore there's the more hopes I may get him; come my Jewel, come { *Sits down, speaks to, and kisses her Lap-Dog.* and sit down with thy Mistress, and love her, and kiss her, and tell her some pretty Stories; so, so, so, that's my sweet Creature, that's my Soul, my Joy, my Life, kiss *Dony*, kiss thy own Mistress agen *Dony*, and so I will, says he, and kiss her, and kiss her agen, says he; what d'ye think I'm like my Lord, to spend my time in Chat and Complement, when I may kiss, and kiss, and kiss agen a young Lady, says he: Nay, nay, fye *Dony*, fye, now you don't kiss fair, now you lick me *Dony*, you do, you dear Jewel you. What then, says he, what if I did, 'tis no more then I us'd to do, and no more than you like neither, says he? ye lye Sirrah, ye lye, ye dear Creature you, and get ye gone from me.

Enter L. Brainless.

L. Brain. Ah! Jesus, Madam, there's all the world within with my Lady; there's the Old Knight Sir *Lawrence*, the Dowdy his Daughter; then there's my

my fat Lady *Bumfiddle*, and the two nauſeous unlick'd Cubs the Sons, that gave me the Vapours at the very ſight of 'em, they are all coming, how ſhall we divert our ſelves?

L. *Pupſey*. I hope they had ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh your Quality, my Lord?

L. *Brain*. I think they had manners enough to call me, my Lord, indeed, but my dreſs was no more regarded, than if I had wore a Cloak; they took no more notice of my Stockins, than if a fool had wore 'em, the Devil take me.

La Pupſey. The Spirit of dullneſs had poſſeſs'd 'em ſure; hah, what think'ſt thou, Jewel? thou would'ſt have treated my Lord better, I'm ſure; Yes, ſays he, that I would, I knovv a Man of Quality when I ſee him, ſays he, yes that he does, that's my *Dony*, that's my life, umph Miſtreſs loves thee at her none heart root. [*Kiſſes the Dog.*

L. *Brain*. A delicate Dog indeed, Madam; come hither, Pretty Creature: Pray what's his name?

La Pupſey. *Adonis*, my Lord,——Oh fye, fye, *Dony*, where are your manners, what be rude to my Lord; go, go, kiſs him, and love him, and tell him a pretty Story, and ask his Lordſhip how he does, and when he kiſs'd his Miſtreſs laſt, d'ye hear *Dony*, that's my Jewel.

L. *Brain*. This is as extravagant a language as her other, I'll try to imitate her——And if you can ask Queſtions, you can anſwer, *Dony*, vvho is your bedfellow, *Dony*? where did you lye laſt night, you happy Creature you? with my pretty Miſtreſs, ſays he, between her vvhite ſoft melting——Arms, ſays he, where many an honeſt Gentleman would be glad to have been, ſays he: Well, *Dony*, but what Moles has your Miſtreſs, *Dony*, hah? you dear Creature?

La Pupſey. Piſh, I won't tell ye, ſays he: O fye, my Lord, you ſhall have him no longer, you teach the Dog paw things, and you can't imagine what an apprehenſion the dear Creature has——I vow, I believe 'tis not impoſſible to teach him *French*, for I was ſaying to him t'other day, *En paſſant, Monſieur le Chien, je ſuis vôtre tres humble Servant*, and I vow, to my thinking, turning about with a *French* Grimace, *Madamoiſelle dit il, je ſuis vot Serviture*, plainer than any *Gaſcoign* can ſpeak it by far.

L. *Brain*. Miraculous! and in the right *French* tone too, Madam?

La Pupſey. Tone! nay, my Lord, ne're a Dog in Chriſtendom hits a note like him, he ſings a Minuet after me perfectly, I'll try if he be in humour. Sing, *Dony*, come ſing my Soul, my Life,——come——Thol, Lol, Lol, [*Pinches the Dog, and he howls.*
That's my none comfort, come then, ſing then, Deareſt.
Indeed, my Love, ſays he, I do the beſt I can, umph, umph, umph, ſweet Creature,—your Lordſhip might obſerve the note was in alt, tho' a little out of Tune, and hoarſe——the poor Rogue has got a deſperate cold.

L. *Brain*. As all good Singers generally have, Madam.

La Pupſey. Right, my Lord, you ſhould have heard it elſe in perfection, he does not aim to a Quireſter yet, but he ſings much better than the Clerk of any Pariſh.

L. *Brain*. To fix my ſelf more in your good grace, Madam, and knovving how

how tender your eſteem was for him, I have caus'd ſome words of mine to beſet on that purpoſe, where I envy his happineſs, and wiſh my ſelf in his condition, for to be ſo carreſſed by you, muſt be the extremity of happineſs, that's moſt certain: but firſt, if you pleaſe, I'll treat you with an *Italian* Air.

La Pupſey. I vow your Lordſhip honours us both extreamly, but him in a more particular manner, but I beſeech your Lordſhip add another to us, and let us hear it. [*An* Italian *Song.*

L. *Brain.* With all my Soul, Madam, umph, thol, lol, lol; ah pox of ill luck, here's the deluge breaking in upon us, 'tis impoſſible whilſt they are here to do juſtice to any Muſick.

Enter Sir Lawrence, *L.* Subtle, Berenice, Darewell, Bias, *and* Solon.

Sir *Law.* Speak to her *Bias*, and *Solon*, don't be afraid, I'll ſtand by ye; what my Eſtate may incourage ye ſure to ſpeak to as good as they; puſh on, I ſay, briſk, briſk, you muſt always puſh briskly to a Widow, ſhe won't care a fig for yeelſe; to her Boy, to her *Bias*——and *Solon*, a plague vvhat art thou a doing, thou look'ſt as if thou wert rather going to hang thy ſelf, than make Love——why to her Sirrah——to her I ſay, let's hear a little wit.

L. *Subt.* Well, Sir, what News?

Bias. News, Gad ſooks, I never read any News, Madam, I founder like a Spavin'd Mare when I read a Gazet; but I can tell ye this, that I love ye damnably; and if you would do as much for me, as the Song ſays, you ſhould be my Delight, both by Day, and by Night.

Beren. Well, Sir, and what ſay you?

Solon. I can't ſay much, but I've a great mind to be married, as a Man may ſay, and methinks, and you have the pureſt Neck and Bubbies that ever I ſaw, as I hope to be ſav'd, hey, ho, I wonder vvhat a Clock 'tis?

Sir *Law.* What a Clock 'tis, 'oons what a queſtion's there, I believe the Boy's bewitch'd, methinks he has no Wit at all now, Captain.

Darew. No, nor luck neither, Sir, he ſhall croſs the Old Proverb for once, ſhall I beg a Word or two, Madam.

Berenice. About what, the Deck, Fore-Caſtle, and Gun-Room; oh, I'm not at leiſure now, good Captain.

Darew. The Devil's in her, what new freak is this now———

Beren. Come, Siſter, here's a New Song my Maſter taught me this morning; my Lord you have Skill, pray tell me how you like theſe Notes———umph, umph———

L. *Pupſey.* Peace my Jewel, peace deareſt. [*The Dog howls.*

Dony humbly begs your pardon, Madam; but when any one begins to Tune, 'tis his way, and he has ſo great a paſſion for Muſick, he can't forbear.

L. *Brain.* Here's no notice of my Stockings yet, a pox take 'em.

SONG.

HOw vile are the Sordid Intrigues o'th' Town,
Cheating and Lying perpetually ſway;
From Bully and Punk, to the Politick Gown,
With Plotting and Sotting, they waſte the day:

All

All our Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
The French *and the Wars*
Is always the Cry,
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay though a Poor Virgin lye Pining,
Ah curse of this jarring, what luck have I?

II.

I thought a young Trader by Ogling Charms,
Into my Conjugal Fetters to bring,
I planted my Snare too for one that lov'd Arms,
But found his Design was another thing:
From the Court Province, down to the dull Citts,
Both Cullies, and Wits of Marriage are shye,
Great are the Sins of the Nation,
Ah shame on the wretched Occasion,
Ah Curse of the Mounsieur, what Luck have I?

L. Subtle. A pretty air, I like the Song too better than those I usually hear, because there's no whining Love in't; a Latine Sermon, and a Love-Song influence me equally; the one touches my heart no more, than the other my apprehension.

L. *Pupsey* A Latine Sermon, pray, Madam, don't speak irreverently of that, I never miss the Chappel when Bishop what d'ye call him Preaches; for the very sake of hearing 'em——that man has really the most Elegant way of Sermocination, and his words so plain, without needing a Periphrasis, that, Madam, I could tell you such a Story———

Sir *Law.* Oh prithee Mrs. what d'ye call, no Stories now, but let's have a little more Musick, I say.

L. *Pupsey.* Ridiculous absurdity; come, my Lord, my Lady *Bumfiddle*'s within, we'll have the Story there.

L. *Brain.* Age forgets becoming Complaisance, Madam, you must excuse him——hey Page, where is my blockhead now? [*Exeunt L.* Br *and L.* Pupsey.

Boren. Upon your shouldiers; if I may give my Opinion. [*Aside.*

L. *Subtle.* This was barbarous in the Old Knight.

Boren. Ay, to hinder her in the very Convulsion fit of her harangue, she'll choak with it, but see, the nusance is not throughly cleer'd, here's the Lovers remaining yet.

L. *Subtle.* I have seen variety of Fools, but never two so very ridiculous before, and yet is that Old Fellow as fond of 'em, as if they were as wise as their Namesakes of old——Strange stupidity of Humane Nature; the Beasts o'th' Field, and Birds o'th' Air, that chance to produce monstrous Births will soon loath and desert 'em; but a dull Father shall indulge and doat upon a couple of Changlings, tho' the shame of Creation, and that were given him as a punishment for some horrible Sin.

Darew. He's labouring for something, Madam, I see the pangs are very strong upon him.

L. *Subtle.* I know he would fain bluster something to me now, but makes more Grimaces about it, than one that has a real stuttering imperfection if he were compell'd to read a *Welsh* Bible, I'll have pity, and relieve him for once: A pretty Suit that you have on, Sir. *Bias.*

Bias. Yes, Madam, I beg your pardon, I think I've a pretty good Taylor I han't paid him his Bill tho', but the Cloth cost twenty Shillings a yard; my Gloves cost a Guinea, and my Hat three Pounds; I beg your Pardon, Madam. [Darewell *follows* Berenice, *who still avoids him.*

L. *Subtle.* I think I've the most harmless Lover that ever was, he's asking me pardon at every word he says; he broke both his shins over a great form in the Hall just now, and ask'd me pardon for't, as if he had broke mine.

Darew. Are you then resolv'd to affront me—— [*To* Berenice

Beren. Pish, Lord, y'are so troublesome; now does his tongue itch to speak to me about the Letter; but I must play another freak with him if I were to be hang'd.

Sir *Law.* Oh, *Bias* is at her, I see; the young dog will succeed, on my Conscience—your right Widows love an impudent young Fellow, and the Rogue's as lew'd as her heart can wish, but methinks *Solon* lags behind all this while: To her, *Solon*, at her again, Sirrah——Why see if he stirs now——'tis so——the boy's bewitch'd——by the Parliament he is, I'm serious——

Beren. You like the Song then, you say, Sir *Lawrence.*

Sir *Law.* Very well in troth, Madam, 'gadso, well remembred, faith, I'll make *Solon* sing a Song to her, that she may see he has variety of parts——Madam, my Son *Solon* too admires your voice so much, that he resolves to return his thanks in the same kind; come, begin *Solon*——now's your time Sirrah, now *Solon.*

Solon. I can sing none, but one about hunting; I learn'd it of *Nick Stitch* the Cobler in *Shrewsbury*; a very merry Fellow I'll say't, and had the purest roaring voice, 'twas louder than any Pack of Dogs i'th' Country; but for my part, I could never come up to him, as a Man may say.

Sir *Law.* 'Sbud no more prating, but Sing, as a Man may say; thou art as hard to be got to't, as a good Singer indeed, come start fair, three hems, and away.

[Solon *hems, and then sings a Song.*

Solon's SONG.

I.

TAntivee, tivee, tivee, tivee, thigh and low,
Hark, hark, how the merry merry Horn does blow,
As through the Lanes and the Meadows we go;
At Puss has run over the Down: (Spring,
When Ringwood, *and* Rockwood, *and* Jowler, *and*
And Thunder, *and* Wonder *made all the Woods ring,*
And Horsemen, and Footmen, hey ding, a ding, ding,
Who envies the Splendor and State of a Crown.

II.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow, Jolly Boys,
Keep in with the Beagles now whilst the Scent lies,
The fiery-fac'd God is just ready to rise;
Whose Beams all our Pleasure Controuls,
Whilst over the Mountains and Valleys we rowl,
And Watt's *fatal knell in each hollow we Toll,*
And in the next Cottage top off a brown Bowl,
What Pleasure like Hunting can cherish the Soul.

Sir *Law.* By the Parliament, very well Sung, I'm serious, what say you, Madam?

L. *Subtle.* Old Doting Fool.

Beren. Oh! *Solon* has perform'd to a Miracle, Sir.

Enter Callow, *and* Margery.

Darew. Oh here's *Callow*, and come I hope to call 'em hence, and then I'm resolv'd to attack her for all her dodging. [*Aside.*

Margery. What ail'th' the man? Let me alone, will ye——pish, be quiet, do I meddle with you now,——O Lord.

Callow. She's skittish here, but she stood tame enough when we were alone with in, burn me.

Margery. Madam, the meat hath thood upon the Thable above thith quarter of hour; my Aunt *Bumfiddle* freth, becauth the Potrith ith cold; the hath eat two whole Rowlth of Bread already, and vowth if you don't come preſently, the will fall too without ye——Oh Lord, the man's mad I think.

L. *Subtle.* Oh we'll aſwage my Lady's anger with another Bumper, come Captain.

Sir Law. Lead 'em in Boys, quick, quick——pox o'this Captain, what makes he ſo ready at her? [Solon *goes to take* Berenice, *and* Darewell *gets her hand firſt.*

Solon. Well, well, tho' he has ſnap'd ye before me, you have my good will, as a man may ſay. [*Exeunt all but* Darewell *and* Berenice.

Berenice. Well, Captain, you are in your Road ſtill, you will board, I ſee, any thing you take to be a Prize.

Darewell. There is no other dealing with you but violence, you uſe my heart worſe than a Pirate would an utter Enemy, and put more chains than a Chriſtian Slave has in the Turkiſh Bilboes——what did you mean by this letter? why d'ye uſe me thus barbarouſly?

Beren. I have ſworn not to argue the caſe with you, but go to that Window and call my Woman, ſhe ſhall tell ye all in three words, whilſt I ſit down here with a heavy heart and reſt my ſelf.

Darew. Your Woman tell me?

Beren. Ay, ay, my heart's too full——call *Pimpwell* there.

Darew. Mrs. *Pimpwell*, Mrs. *Pimpwell.*

Beren. Louder, louder. [*He turns his back to call, ſhe riſes and runs out.*

Darew. Why Mrs. *Pimpwell*, where the Devil are ye? a Plague on her, ſhe's got into the Pantry, I warrant with the Butler, or ſome where or other——how now——what gone, this is another of her damn'd freaks by Heaven! oh, the inſupportable plagues a Man muſt run through that is debauched by that helliſh vice called Love; and of a Woman too, who of all the Creation leaſt deſerves it, love your Horſe, the Creature ſhall ſerve ye faithfully, and ſometimes when you are drunk (and conſequently not well in your ſences) ſhall carry ye home to your houſe in ſafety; love your Dog, he ſhall guard your Houſe from Thieves, and gratefully return it a hundred ways; but love a Woman, ſhe ſhall like the firſt, hourly ſting you with her Serpent ſubtilty, and for one minute's joy, give ye a thouſand vexations; Well, ſhe's a Fortune, that's ſome amends, and if I can but marry her, which by way of Revenge I hope I ſhall, I'll make her mind her buſineſs between Decks, ſhe ſhall lower her Topſail, I warrant her. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Philip *dreſs'd like a Lawyer, and* Lovewell.

Sir Phil. This, my dear *Lovewell*, is a rare contrivance, and I think the dreſs exact, but art thou ſure the Fool will come and bring the Writings.

Love. Moſt certainly, I heard the Widow give him private Orders this Morning, thinking it more ſence to truſt him, being a Lover and a Stranger to you, than any relation or Friend whatſoever; I heard her tell him too, where the Councellour's Chamber was, and what hour ſhe would have him go,

nay,

nay, I have watch'd and ſtuck as cloſe to 'em as their skins, i'faith.

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha, 'tis excellent; but how if this damn'd Lawyer ſhould be found?

Love. Oh, I have prevented that, for I immediately contriv'd a Letter as from a certain great Lady at *Kenſington*, who being very ſick, and having heard of his Honeſty and Reputation, deſired him to come and make her Will, the Lawyer ſurpriſed, immediately hurries away, upon which I preſently hir'd a Fellow to ſtand at the ſtair foot, and deſcribing the Fool with the Writings, ordered him to be ſent to this Tavern to you, ha, ha, ha, is not this well managed:

Sir *Phil.* A Miracle, faith, my Dear, dear witty ſhe *Machiavil*, how ſhall I make thee amends?

Love. You know how, Sir, and when I have given ye a Fortune, I ſhall then preſume to make my claim——how now?

Enter a Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Gentleman below in a Coach asks for Councellor *Splutter*.

Love. Oh, that's well, prithee ſend him up, 'tis he, I knew he would be punctual——here, here, take theſe Papers and be doing, you a Lawyer and without Papers in your hand, ſit down, and put a face of buſineſs as if you ſtaid for ſome body; quick, quick, I muſt vaniſh——but when you have got 'em, remember. [*Exit Drawer.* [*Exit.*

Enter Van Grinn.

Van Grinn. Are you Councellor *Splutter*, pray Sir?

Sir *Phil.* My name is *Splutter*, Sir, which ſaid 40 Acres lying and being——

[*Reads.*

Van Grinn. And I warrant canſt ſplutter like a Devil too, if thou art well greas'd, ha, ha, ha, ha, very good jeſt faith, he has a rare plodding dull fate——I warrant him, a good Lawyer, ha, ha, ha, well, I've a little buſineſs with ye, Sir, if you're at leiſure.

Sir *Phil.* Pleaſe to ſit down, Sir? my Service t'ye—— [*Drinks.*

Van Grinn. With all my heart, Sir, ha, ha, ha, gad I like him better and better, he's a good honeſt toping drunken Toad too——this is a fellow fit for buſineſs——

Sir *Phil.* Now, Sir, your pleaſure. [*Folds up the Writings.*

Van Grinn. Why then, Sir, my pleaſure is——to drink firſt, ha, ha, ha, a very good jeſt, faith.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, Sir, good reaſon——

Van Grinn. You'll excuſe me, Mr. *A*——ha, ha, ha,——I've a light heart, but come to the buſineſs, you knew Sir *Solomon Subtle* I ſuppoſe?

Sir *Phil.* Very well, Sir, alas poor Gentleman, he died lately at *Hamburgh*, his Lady is my Client and intimate Friend; I expect every day the Writings of his Eſtate to be ſent me.

Van Grinn. Let me kiſs thee then, my dear limb of the Law, whilſt I inform thee that here they are in this Box, ha, ha, ha, ha,——and ſo here's to thee again.

Sir *Phil.* 'Dslife, come ſo ſoon, this will be rare news to Sir *Philip Freewit*, for as I hear, he is the chief Executor, he expects to have moſt of the Money, but yet if my Lady pleaſes——

Van Grinn. She does pleaſe, my dear dagled Gown, ha, ha, ha, a very good

eſt again, faith, if thou canſt but find a flaw in the Will, five hundred Pound re thine, my dear Wax ſqueezer.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, there ſhall be a flaw, let her never doubt, Sir, we Lawyers like Tinkers, if we find no crack, can make one.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, why that's very well ſaid too, faith and troth——gad I'll kiſs thee again for that, and beg thy pardon heartily for doubting thy abilities; a plump cheek'd Rogue——gad he puts me ſtrangely in mind of a little plump dutch Strumpet of my acquaintance, ha, ha, ha, well but hark thee, my dear Law-driver, doſt thou know me, hah?

Sir *Phil.* No, faith, Sir, but I ſuppoſe you're a man of Quality?

Van Grinn. I've 1500 a year, that's Quality enough, faith and troth, my father was but a Slop-ſeller, but if he had liv'd, he had been a Senator for all that, ſo that I've reſolv'd to ſtrike up to this Widow with a whew i'faith, ha, ha, ha,——And hark thee, hark thee, dear *Cook* upon *Littleton*, ſhall we chouſe this ſilly Knight, hah?

Sir *Phil.* I'll rout him utterly, Sir, I'll not give him a Groat for his Executorſhip; if I do not ſhow him a Law trick that ſhall make him ſtare again, I'll give you leave to vouch this Miracle of us, that a Lawyer refus'd to get Five hundred pounds through a ſqueamiſh fit of his Conſcience.

Van Grinn. Troth that would be a Miracle indeed, ha, ha, ha, here's a Bumper to thee, prithee why doſt thou not laugh; gad, I could laugh methinks till I was as fat as my Lord, my Lord, as my Lord, I ſay, prithee be merry; what do you Lawyers never laugh?

Sir *Phil.* Never, Sir, when we intend to cheat any Body, that's our Rule.

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha,——a very good Jeſt, again, faith;——I'gad, thou'rt an admirable Perſon, and there are the Writings for thee——and another kiſs into the bargain, Faith;——gad there's another leer ſo like my *Dutch* Strumpet again, the Rogue begins to inflame me.

Sir *Phil.* Well, Sir, I'll take care of 'em.

Van Grinn. Wilt thou,——gad I hope to ſee thee a Judge, thou haſt a notable riſing Face, and the credit of this buſineſs will bring thee into plaguy Practice: Come, prithee let's drink and laugh, ha, ha, ha,——prithee laugh now.

Sir *Phil.* With all my Heart, faith I've a merry fit comes upon me juſt on th' ſudden;——I'll kiſs you now, Sir, [*Kiſſes him.*

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, faith, ah my dear little plump Dutch Whore, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, my dear Fat Flanderkin,——Fool—— [*Aſide.*

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Well, next the Widow, [*Hug and kiſs each other.* I love thee better than any one in *England*, faith, I'll be hang'd if thou haſt thy fellow in all the Inns of Court, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Phil.* Nor you in all *Flanders*, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Van Grinn. My dear, dear, Bill and Anſwer, here's a Bumper to thee; } *Breaks the* Box i'th' Glaſs; come let's take another Room, for I'm reſolv'd to } *Glaſs.* top t'other Bottle with thee, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Phil.* Match on *Pompey*, I'll follow, ha, ha, ha.

[*Here they both ſtand and laugh at one another, then Exit* Van Grinn.

So, here they are, and here the great feat is done,
Eaſily now the Widow may be won,
For what's a Widow when her Fortune's gone?

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter L. Subtle, Berenice, *and* Van Grin.

L. Subt. OH, undone, loſt, ruin'd, beyond all poſſibility of a Recovery, I find now by his ſenſeleſs Deſcription, that this Devil *Freewit*, has put a Trick upon him, and got the Writings in ſpite of me.

Beren. 'Tis even ſo, the Knight it ſeems own'd it juſt now in a Bravado to the Lieutenant, with a deſign to have it told you again.——*Min heer Flanderkin* there, has been over-reach'd by a meer Lawyer's Gown, the very ſhadow of Knowledge has done his buſineſs.

Van Grin. Ha, ha, now can I hardly forbear laughing, for all I have done ſuch a Miſchief;——Why, who the Devil could imagine, that an honeſt Toping, Laughing Fellow, as he ſeem'd to be, ſhould prove a falſe Brother, 'gad I took him to be as errant a Lawyer as ever took Fee on both ſides, or eat a Mutton Commons in the Temple:——Mutton Commons, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, i'faith, I can't forbear for the Soul of me.

L. Subt. Sot, Monſter, Fool; oh, where were my Brains too, that I could imagine one of that Nation guilty of the leaſt Diſcretion; Thou ſtupid Dolt, with leſs Senſe in thee than a crawling Inſect in your Muddy Fens, a Fleſh-fly in the depth of Winter, or a Mite in a *Holland* Cheeſe.

Van Grin. 'Gad I can't forbear laughing for all that, ha, ha, ha.

L. Subt. Bring me a Glaſs of Water, my Heart's ſo full of Rage, it has burnt me up to a Cinder.

Beren. This Fellow is certainly the ſpecies of a Baboon, and I warrant has a Tayl under his Clothes; I'de give a Guinny to have him ſtarch'd.

L. Subt. A Baboon, 'sdlight, thou haſt nam'd the Prince of Brutes to him; this thing is one of Nature's foul falſe Births, the Eye of Providence ſlept when he was born, and his dull Mother at his vile Conception, had nothing in her Mind but drivelling Ideots, dull Aſſes with long Ears, unthinking Swine, with all the other Soul-leſs, Lumpiſh Animals, the very Scum and Drois of the Creation.

Van. Grin. The Widow Railes, like a Devil to day, ha, ha, ha, ha.

L. Subt. But to what purpoſe do I waſt my Lungs, and call him Fool that am a worſe my ſelf, the verieſt, verieſt Ideot of the two,——a Widow, 'sdeath, and let a Man out-wit me; ridiculous to Nature, nay, get my Writings too, the very Soul and Life-blood of a Widow;——Oh, I could tear my Fleſh, burn, ſtab, or poyſon, do any Miſchief, and to any Creature, but to a Man much more with fierce Vigour, and could I get the Heart of this damn'd *Freewit*, methinks I could with greater pleaſure tear it, and with more Joy could feed on my Revenge, than Teeming Women on the long'd for Fruit, their Souls deſire t'indulge their unborn Infants.

Enter Bias.

Bias. So I ſee ſhe's here, and pox on't, now I'll put up briskly.

Beren.

Beren. This Fool comes in a rare time, he's like to be well us'd.

Bias. Madam, I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant what I ſaunter about here for; My Father, I ſuppoſe, has told you what I would be at; and now I'm come my ſelf in perſon, and I proteſt left the beſt Game at All Fours juſt now when I was within one of up, that ever I had in my life,——becauſe my Father told me, you were at leiſure, and this was the what d'ye call it, the Cricketty Minute, a Minute when they ſay a Woman can deny a Man nothing; beſides, I love Cricket hugely, Madam, and if you pleaſe to throw your Heart to me.

L. Subtle. No, but I will throw a thing more proper, I will throw this at your Head, Buffoon; hark'e, Puppy, get thee out of my ſight, and quickly, or by all that's good, I'll beat thee. [*Throws a Cuſhion at his Head.*

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.——

Bias. I beg your Pardon, Madam,——what a Plague did my Father make a Fool of me for, this is none of the Cricketty Minute.

Enter Comode *with Water.*

L. Subt. Confuſion ſeize all Fools; oh, I'm all in Flame.—— [*Drinks.*

Beren. Here comes t'other Booby, this will make her Mad.

Enter Solon.

Solon. Madam, becauſe I'm a young Man, and a little awker'd in matters of Love, as a Man may ſay; and my Miſtreſs there too, being a little Cruel, and Hard-hearted, my Father ſent me to deſire your Ladyſhip to ſpeak a good word for me, becauſe I can't do't for my ſelf, as a Man may ſay; but for all that, as I hope to be ſav'd, I'm up to the Ears in——

L. Subt. Water, ye Blockhead, ye Owl. [*Throws the Water in's Face.*

Solon. O Lord, Murther, Murther, I'm drown'd.

Beren. Alas, poor *Solon*, has ſhe cool'd thy Paſſion?

Van Grinn. Ha, ha, ha, he ſhall be called *Solon* the Wiſe no more, but *Solomon* the Wiſe, now the Widow has new Chriſten'd him,——ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, Faith.

L. Subt. There's ſomething for you too.—— [*Throws the Glaſs at him.*

Oh, you need not have ſtoop'd, Sir, it could never have hurt your Scull;——

A Bullet can't do it, to my knowledge.

What a miſchievous thing 'tis, when 'tis angry, ha, ha, ha.——

Solon. The Devil take making of Love if this be the fruits on't, to ſpoil one's Cravat and ones Clothes, this is down right Malice, as a Man may ſay.

L. Subt. Sirrah, ſpeak one ſyllable more of Love here, and I'll make my Footmen ſouſe thee over Head and Ears in the Horſe-pond.

Bias. This is none of *Solon*'s Cricketty Minutes neither, I find.

Enter Sir Lawrence Limber.

Sir *Law.* I hope my Sons, Madam, have made their Merits ſo well known now, and their Intereſt with ye, is ſo great, that when my Grey Hairs ſhall fall to the ground.——

L. Subt. As they ſhall preſently, ye old Dotard. [*Pulls off his Peruke.*

Beren. The Devil's in her now, there's no hindring her.

L. Subt. 'Dlife, get thee gone and take thy Cubs from my ſight, or I will uſe ye all do like Fools.

Van Grinn. Look, look, ſhe has diſcover'd my poor Uncle Bald-pate again, too, the Devil's in the Widow to day, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Law.*

Sir *Law.* How's this, my Son *Bias* confounded, my Son *Solon* in diſorder, and my ſelf unſeemly treated? What d'ye mean by this, Madam? I never was ſo affronted in my life, never ſince I was born, by the Parliament, now I'm ſerious.

Solon. Mean, I care not what ſhe means, not I, I'm ſure ſhe has us'd me ſcurvily, and I'll bear it no longer; zookers, my Blood riſes at her damnably,——I'll lay her Toppings in the Duſt, come on't what will; ſhe may be as bald as you, for ought I know, Father, when her Toppings are off; Let me come to her, 'zooks, now my Blood's up, I've as deviliſh a Spirit as ſhe, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. No, prithee Brother *Solon* let her alone for this time; hark'e in thy Ear, when I've Married her, I'll revenge thee, and beat her my ſelf.

[*Exit Lady* Subtle.

Beren. You had better all take good Advice, and be gone; you have heard, I ſuppoſe, the reaſon of her Anger, Sir *Philip* has chous'd her of her Writings to day, and in the Humour ſhe's in, 'tis ten to one but ſhe does ye ſome miſchief or other.

Sir *Law.* The Writing's gone, and ſeventy thouſand Duckets,——Come away, *Bias*, thou ſhalt not have her now if ſhe would have thee.

Enter Lady Subtle *with a Piſtol.*

L. Subt. Where are theſe Triumvirate of Fools now? You Bully Sneak, with your Brother Coddle-ſcull, and old Father ſtupid here, get you off my Ground, or I will uſe you ſo like Crows, Magpies and Jackdaws, I will do more than ever Providence did for ye,——I will put ſomething into your Heads, ſomething of weight, Puppies, not a word more, march [*Puſhes them all out, then turns to* Van Grin.] And now *Myn Heer Van Grin*,——laugh, come laugh now;——Where's your Jeſt now, hah! thou baſe, thou ſordid cauſe of my Misfortunes, come give me a Jeſt for't, laugh, I ſay.

Van Grin. Sacrament, who can jeſt with a Piſtol-Bullet, I could not laugh, Madam, if you'd give me a Thouſand pounds, Faith and Troth.

L. Subt. Out of my ſight, thou Inſect,—— [*Puſhes him out, and throws the Piſtol on the Table.*
Oh, I ſhall grow Mad.

Beren. Nay then, ſuch Inſtruments as theſe, are not very convenient.

[Berenice *takes up the Piſtol.*

L. Subt. Mad, Mad, raving Mad.

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* And I ſo near ye, Madam, to claim your Griefs, and reconcile your Cares.

L. Subt. Is there an Impudence on this ſide Hell like this? I'll give y'a Welcome, Sir. [*Goes to take the Piſtol.*

Beren. Nay, not this way, Siſter, I muſt hinder ſuch rough Proceedings, and leave ye to make your party good with him what other way you pleaſe, draw his Sword I'm ſure he won't; and a Man carries no other weapons about him that can hurt a Widow, that I know of. [*Exit* Berenice.

Sir *Phil.* What in a fury, Widow, nay then thou art not fit for the good that I intend thee; I confeſs I had not the Confidence to viſit thee, without the Incouragement of Clarret, but three Bottles of excellent *Bourdeaux*,——in this Pagan time where there is ſuch an Inundation of Sloe, Sider and Cherry, has made my Tongue ſo Elegant, and brought my Heart into ſo Amorous a Condition, that methinks I could even make Love to thee, for to ſay truth, thou look'ſt damnably provoking to day.

L. Subt.

L. Subt. 'Tis in vain to abuse him, therefore 'twill be Policy in me to dissemble; down swelling Heart, and Frowns convert to Smiles, and thou great Power that gav'st a Woman Cunning, let him not know the Rancor of my Heart, but forfeit with the flattery of my Tongue. [*Aside.*

Sir Phil. Sollid and thoughtful; nay, now I view your Eyes better, that downcast glance seems to discover Care; you have had no late loss, I hope, Madam, your Husband I count none, nor you neither, to my knowledge.

L. Subt. How poor a Vice 'tis in a Man of Sense t'insult o're Womens Weakness!

Sir Phil. How damn'd a one, 'tis in a haughty Widow to think her Sense excels all Humane kind!

L. Subt. Well, well, you have outwitted me.

Sir Phil. Miracle in Nature, outwitted thee, why is it possible? and canst thou own it too? nay then, I'll have it Chronicl'd, that she that in defiance of mankind, arm'd with sharp Wit, and shielded with true Pride, that never [illegible] a Man in her Abuses, nor fail'd to jilt him if he knew he lov'd her, should [illegible] bloom of all her flourishing Glory, yield up her Lawrels to Triumphant [illegible]

L. Subt. Why do ye call me proud? were not my Actions natural? was it for me to offer you my Fortune, that thought my Person not worth treating for; What Woman of my Youth, nay, without Ostentation, not common Beauty too, nor least in Wealth, could bear a slight so poor; for tho' my Husband gave ye up my Fortune, there was Consignment too, of another Blessing to accompany the Money: But you turn Marriage-hater, and your neglect calls me old, wither'd, ugly; blame me not then for striving, tho' Successless, to dash your Pride, as you to humble mine.

Sir Phil. Ah, Widow, Widow, tho' I find your subtle Devil has par'd his Claws,——I am not now in humour to be tickl'd: Why did you jilt me, and receive another? answer that.

L. Subt. Why did you wrong me, and get another with Child before my Face? answer me that.

Sir Phil. Wrong you, why the Devil's in these Widows, they'll ingross all a Man has, before he has 'em, as well as after; wrong you! what because I had a mind to use a Sample of the Grain before the heap was to be delivered in the Market; must you call this a wrong?

L. Subt. A Mortal one; and if you are Generous, you'll right me now.

Sir Phil. With all my heart, and as I'm now free, and at liberty, I best can do thee Justice; which, should I marry thee, were most impossible; I need not tell ye why,——you know the reason.——Come, let's retire.

L. Subt. Go, y'are a Devil.

Sir Phil. You are but a Widow yet; all in good time, that Title may be alter'd too.

L. Subt. Why dost thou rail at Marriage so, thou Monster?

Sir Phil. Because I hate it, Child, that's all the Reason.

L. Subt. Abhorr'd Impiety, to hate a Sacred Ordination, allow'd by the most Knowing of all Ages.

Sir Phil. A gross mistake, 'twas first devis'd for Interest by Sapless Dotards, form'd a Law, that their dull First-born Blockheads might inherit; the generative Faculty should be free, the Spirit's pall'd when 'tis confin'd to Duty, Restive and stupid, and the Product's answerable; of Old the Worthies never came by Marriage, the Bravest and the Wisest were all Bastards; besides, from marrying a Widow, Heaven defend me.

L. Subtle.

L. *Subtle.* A Widow, Sir, why what's a Widow?

Sir *Phil.* Why, a meer Fripperer, or Broker's Shop, that's fain to ſell her Wares at ſecond hand; yet toils to paſs 'em off to Fools for new; one that's ſo very knowing, that ſhe'd baulk a Youngſter, and in Love's buſineſs give ſuch violent Inſtructions, 'twould break the heart of a young Fool to follow; no, if I do forego my happy freedom, which, 'till I dote, I think I never ſhall; the Grape ſhall firſt be preſs'd by my own hand, I'll never take the ſqueezings of another, I'll have a Maid, that's certain.

L. *Subtle.* A Maid, thou Coxcomb, I'm aſham'd of thee, doſt thou pretend to be a man of ſence, Learn'd in the Mathematicks of Intreague, and chooſe an ignorant raw awkward Maid before a Skilfull Widow, oh ſtupidity! Go to the Garden, take green Gennitings, and ſet thy teeth an edge thou codled Coxcomb; or ſhall I fetch thee ſome green Goosberries, and ſend a Maid to keep thee Company; a whitely thing juſt wean'd from Jointed Baby, that opens mouth to eat, but can ſay nothing; ſuch traſh as this is the beſt fruit for Fools; a Widow, like the bluſhing velvet Peach, by Summer ripened, to indulge the taſte, is a Regalia for a Man; Maids, green crude ſtuff, and only fit for Boys.

Sir *Phil.* 'Tis very fine, a Lady of your Beauty and your Fortune, oh how this witty Railery becomes, well then, Boy, as I am, I'll ſhew one manly ſign, I'll manage the Writings wiſely, that I'm reſolv'd on. [*Enter* Berenice.

Beren. Sir *Philip* I'm ſure can do nothing, but like a man of Honour.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, cry ye mercy, Madam, and Sence too, I hope, therefore thus humbly take my leave.

Beren. Nay, but pray ſtay a little, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Not for the World, Madam, the Widow has ſo maul'd me already with her great Cannon, that ſhould I ſtay to engage with your ſmall ſhot, I ſhould have more holes in me, then a *Dutch* Man of War had in the laſt Engagement; and therefore, to bring my Simile a little nearer home, like a Cock that's over-match'd, I intend to ſhrink from the Pit before my eyes are peck'd out.

Beren. Your eyes, why what d'ye take us for, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* Two of the greateſt Rarities of your kind; two that ſhall rally a Man to death in an hours time, without putting your ſelf out of breath for't. [*Runs out.*

Beren. This is one of the oddeſt humours! what, I warrant you have been ſevere with him?

L. *Subtle.* No, hang him, I broke out only a little at laſt, when he was preferring a Maid before me; I ſmother'd my rage 'till then, tho' I confeſs with as much pain as if I had had a fit of the Stone, for he gave me not a word of ſatisfaction about the Writings——he deſigns to ſtarve me, I'm confident, if the Law don't relieve me.

Beren. Nay, nay, no ſtarving Siſter, you have yet a hundred pound a year to live on.

L. *Subt.* What's that? I muſt put down my Coach, Child, is not that ſtarving a Widow?

Beren. Next door too't, I confeſs, as the humour of the Times are.

L. *Subtle.* Ah! I had rather be without meat and drink a thouſand times. Well, ſure this Devil won't poſſeſs him always, one happy minute muſt be mine at laſt, which to be ſure of, what would I not attempt. what to obtain her Ends, would not a Woman do?

Would Fortune once my working Brain inspire,
I'de plunge through deepest Sea, or fiercest Fire,
Hazard my Life, nay Soul, to compass my desire. [*Exit.*

Beren. Nay, on my Conscience, if there is a way left, thou wilt conjure, but thou wilt have it, that I'll say for thee. Well, what News now? [*Enter* Comode.

Comode. My Lady *Bumfiddle* sends ye word that my Lord *Brainless* gives the Musick at her Lodgings this Afternoon, before they go to the *Park*, and desires your Company.

Berca. Well, I'll go, because I know I shall meet my Tarpawlin there, whom I have made so angry, that I believe he could beat me with as good will, as a Saylor that disobey'd his orders; 'tis all one, I am resolv'd to try him throughly, before I come under his hatches, there will be hours enough to beg his pardon, if ever I give him an advantage over me.

The time of Wooing is a Woman's own,
But when she's Married once, her time is gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Bumfiddle's* Lodgings.

Enter Callow *and* Margery, *at several Doors.*

Callow. Ah! dear creature, how much am I oblig'd to Fortune for this lucky minute, that gives me the blessing of meeting her alone, whom I love beyond all the Universe, sink me!

Margery. You love me, yeth I warrant ye, for what pray?

Callow. For thy self, my Dear, thy Innocence and Beauty has so charm'd my heart: her Money I mean; that I never am at rest, my Soul, but when I am with thee. [*Aside.*

Marg. Oh Lord, well then, donth queeth my hand tho.

Callow. Oh! every part of thee is so charming to me, that burn me, 'tis impossible for me to subsist without thee. The *Philly* can stand still, I see, when she is without Company. [*Aside.*

Marg. Why what d'ye mean to do? you won't Ravish me, will ye?

Callow. I believe she puts me in mind on't on purpose, rot me, [*Aside.* Ravish thee, no, no, only a kiss from thy pritty Lips, or so, my Dear sweet Hony-suckle; nay, nay, no frowning now, nor drawing back, for I must do it, therefore——— [*Kisses her.*

Marger. What d'ye make all this bustle for, why don't you then?

Enter Darewell.

Darew. Oh, Lieutenant, you are a happy Man, I see.

Marger. Oh Lord, the Captain, what shall I do now? } *Spets, and speaks as in a rage to* Callow.
Pugh, pugh, well, as I hope to be thav'd I'll tell my Father, and my Aunt, tho, I will, that I can never live in quiet for ye; that you are every day teething, and by your good will would be kithing me every minute; when you know I hate you as I hate the Devil, and with you were hang'd upon our Mulbury-Tree in the Garden, with all my heart; like a thilly ugly, nathly, pimping, cowardly, tholdierly, rathcally, puppily Fellow ath ye are, to dare to affront me so. [*Exit.* Margery.

Darew. 'Dslife, what's the meaning of all this rage? she stood tame enough to my thinking, when I came in.

Callow. Ay, and would again, if we were alone; 'tis the nature of this so of Cattle to be skittish, and Rail before Company, but they'l stand as still in a Corner,

Corner, as a Town Whore (got with Child by some poor Bully) will to a rich Country Squire, that she intends shall father it: I must after her, for I like her Six Thousand Pounds better than my Commission, faith, Captain. [*Exit* Callow.

Darew. Faith I believe thee, as do a great many more of thy Effeminate sort——But stay, where is my jolly Lady all this while, and the Company? Sure I han't mistook her time; oh! are you there, Madam? [*Enter* Berenice.

Darew. Nay, you shall hear me now, and I must rail at ye or my heart will break; call ye ungrateful, proud, false, and unnatural, not only to abuse an honest Fellow that loves ye, but glory and persist in't——Heav'n, what could you mean by this Letter, this abhor'd Invective? [*In a soft tone.*

Beren. This Letter has stuck in his throat worse than a Ship-bisket.

Darew. Well, what amends for this? What satisfaction? she seems good natur'd now, and sorry for what's past, this may be the Critical minute. [*Aside.*

Beren. I am more sorry, Sir, then you can desire, and if you'd please, to name your satisfaction.

Darew. This is as I could wish, I see t'has touch'd her nearly. [*Aside.*

Beren. I beg your Pardon, Sir, with all my heart, and what else you'll honourably Command.

Darew. Only your love, dear Madam, that's the Prize I value beyond Empire.

Beren. 'Tis yours from this hour, Sir.

Darew. My Soul, Life, Heart, Blood——Ah Pox o' these Intruders, just in the nick too, when I should have clench'd the Nail I have been so long a driving——ah! 'tis impossible to proceed, now they come like a deluge.

Enter L. Bumfiddle, L. Hockley, Mrs. Bandy, and *Mrs. La Pupsey,* with her Lap-Dog.

L. Bum. Boy, bid 'em make ready the Tea, and set the Dishes in order: My Dear, your humble Servant, how d'ye good Captain, what so close together, nay, then there's something more in the wind; I must know, you'll never thrive in't else, Captain; hark'e, a word in your ear.

Darew. So, now shall I be toss'd by the tempest of her tongue, worse than ever I was by a storm in the Bay of *Biscay.* [L. Bum. *whispers* Darewell.

L. *Hock.* I vow, Mrs. *La Pupsey,* I never look upon your fine Dog, but it sets me almost a crying; I had the finest *Bologna* Shock was drown'd t'other day, that, oh my Soul, ever lay in Lap; I carried him to the *Park* every night with me, the Creature had so sweet a breath, that I vow I miss it strangely.

Bandy. 'Tis a delicate pretty rogue indeed, now my Mother is so cross, she'll let me have nothing to play with; I did but desire t'other day to buy a little Monkey for my Chamber, and flying out into a Passion, she swore a great huge Oath, I had as lieve thou shouldst have a Man there.

La. Pup. Go *Dony,* go to my Lady, and kiss her, and love her, that's my sweet Creature.

L. *Hock.* Come, dear *Jewel,* come—— [*Takes the Dog.*

La. Pup. Did you ever see a thing so modest, and so shy in your life, Madam? there's no Courting him to a Wife; I have been this three Months making a Match for him, and could never get him in humour.

L. *Hock.* Fye, that's a mighty fault, indeed.

La. Pup. Then, Madam, of all Creatures Heterogeneal, he is the most—— Cleanly,——no Mange, nor ever impetiginous in the least;——then he's a Miracle for his distinction in Philanthropy, he has an entire love for our Party; he

knows my Humour to a Hair; he'll not come near the Tarpawlin Captain, yonder, because he's a *Williamite*, 'tis a wonder to tell ye, but the Creature has a strange aversion for this Government.

L. Hack. Alas, all the ingenious part of the Nation have so, Madam.

Bandy. Well, I'vads I will have a Dog then, let my Mother say what she will; —— I believe it teaches her to talk so, for I never heard such fine words in my life. [*Aside.*

Darew. Faith, Madam, all that I can find by your long whispering, is, that you have a mind to dine with me to morrow.

L. Bum. Why, what a blunt Ass art thou? —— to tell me of Dining with thee; Dine with thy Mistress, Fool, and let me be by to put in a word for thee, if thou'rt wise; —— depend upon me, I know her Humour to a Scruple, and if thou takest my Counsel, thou shalt have her: —— Do I talk of Dinners now? —— 'tis true, a good fat Haunch of Venison, boyl'd with Colliflowers, would do well to piddle over: —— Eating together begets Love: 'Twas my Husband's Venison more than himself, that first won my Heart, as I'm a Protestant.

Darew. Well then, Madam, since you will be concerned in my Affair, be sure y'are industrious.

L. Bum. Keep up thy Interest with me, thou shalt have her, Boy.

Enter L. Brainless, *Singers, Musick, and Dancers.*

L. Brain. Oh, Madam, your Ladyships most humble Servant, yours, yours, dear Ladies, and your most obedient Slave, dear, sweet, pretty *Dony*; gad I beg your Pardons, all, for being thus tardy; oh, how do's my dear Captain too? why this is a piece of a Miracle to find thee a-shore, and especially amongst the Ladies, where Musick is going forward, for I know thou hatest all these Effeminate Instruments, hark'e, shall I send to the *Tower*, and borrow two or three pieces of Canon to entertain thee, ha, ha, ha.

Darew. Coxcomb. —— [*Aside.*

Beren. Would they would'd haste and begin; that grim surly look of the Captains, will put us all out of Humour, else; what a Face is there, with a grimace as sower as if the Surgeon were just putting him on a Wooden-Leg.

Darew. The Devil it is, —— well, I hope you like it; however, Madam. ——

Beren. I like it, I like the Face upon that Fiddle there, better by half; I like it, —— ha, ha, ha, ha.

Darew. But, Madam, Madam.

Beren. Oh, none of your Culverin Shot here, good Captain, you had better use it against the *French* at Sea.

Darew. Damn her, she's got into one of her old freaks again.

L. Bum. Words of course, words of course, Fool, apply thy self to me; I tell thee, I'll do thy business; hark in thy ear, get the Venison ready.

La. Pap. Why, sure the Gentleman can's be so despicent, to take any thing ill that a Lady says; Railery from a Woman, though never so severe, should be supported by every man of Sense with generous Equanimity.

Darew. Oh, good Madam, be pleas'd to Cramp your Dog there, with your hard Phrases, and let him lick you an answer, how you please; or go and puzzle my Lord there, any one but me I beseech ye.

La. Pap. Lick me an Answer, come Sir, I must tell ye, your Discourse has no Consistution in't, 'tis all blunt and disjoynted, and, as my Lord says, your Soul

is

is very unmusical, that I believe you never knew a Diaphony from a Diapason.

Darew. Nay, nay, I'll not be tongue-worried now, I've a remedy for't.——[*Exit.*

Bandy. Well, I swear I could live and dye with this *La. Pupsy*, if it were only to hear her talk.

L. *Hock.* She excells me, I think in the Cassicks, but I was always accounted much the best Natural Philosopher.

L. *Brain.* Come, Madam, now I will present you with my own Composition, which I lately told ye of, wherein I envy the joys of that happy Creature, your Dog, and passionately bemoan my own Infidelity; I was extreamly Melancholly when I writ it.

La. Pup. Where's your bow down to the ground, *Dony*? Your Lordships most humble Servant, says he. [*Enter Boy with Tea.*

L. Bum. My Lady *Hockly*, wilt have any Tea? Mrs. *Berenice*, prithee come and sit by me.

Beren. 'Tis for my Instruction, I know, Madam,——now has she some smutty Joke or other to whisper me. [*They sit down all.*

Ay,——'tis as I said. [*L. Bum. whispers.*

La. Pup. Come, my Lord, now your own, I beseech ye, I know it must be extraordinary.

L. Brain. With all my Heart; you must know Ladies, I call it *Celadon*'s Complaint against Monsieur *Le Chien*; 'tis writ like a Man of Quality, when the next new Play comes out: I intend to give it the Poet, to shew 'em the right way of making a Song: Hem, hem,——

The SONG of *Monsieur Le Chien.*

I.

GReat Jove once made Love like a Bull,
With Læda a Swan was in vogue,
And to persevere in that Rule,
He now does descend like a Dog;
For when I to Silvia *would speak,*
Or on her Breast sigh what I mean;
My Heart-strings are ready to break,
For there I find Monsieur Le Chien.

II.

For Knowledge in Modish Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour,
I defie any one with two Legs,
But here I am Rival'd by four:
Distracted all night with my wrongs,
I cry, Cruel Gods——what d'ye mean,
That what to my Merit belongs
You bestow upon Monsieur Le Chien.

For Feature or Neatness in Dress,
Compare with him surely I can;
Nor vainly my self should express,
To say I am much more a Man;
To the Government firm too, as he,
(The former I cunningly mean)
And if he Religious can be,
I'm as much sure as Monsieur Le Chien.

IV.

But what need I publish my parts,
Or idly my Passion relate;
Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts
Resolves not to alter my Fate:
I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Court adieu bien,
And yet with one passionate lick,
I'm out-rival'd by Monsieur le Chien.

L. Bum. Very pretty truly, my Lord.

La. Pup. Pretty, 'tis incompariable, I swear, your bow to my Lord down to the ground agen, Dear. [*She bows, the Dog of Lord bows too.*

L. Brain. No, faith, there's no great matter in 'em; tho' the Conceipt, truly, I think is new; but now, Madam, in pursuance of *French* Gallantry, I hope to have the honour to see the particular entertainment you promised.

[*Goes and talks to* La. Pupsey.

Beren. Strike up Musick.

A Scotch SONG.

I.

BOnny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down;
Tho' blith are thy Notes they have now no power:
Whilst my Joy dear Peggy *is gone,*
And wedded quite fro me will love no more.
My good Friends that do hear my grief,
With Songs and Stories, a Cure would find:
But alas, they can bring no relief,
For Peggy *still runs in my mind.*

II.

When I Visit the Park or the Play,
They are without Peggy *a Desart seem:*
She's before my Eyes are the Day,
And are the long Night too, she haunts my Dream.
Sometime fancying a Heaven of Charms,
I wake, and lost of my dear delight,
Find she Lies in another's Arms:
Ah then 'tis she kills me outright.

III.

Take my Counsel aw you that love welt;
Bestow Love and Wit on a Girl of Sense:
No such Blessing to Peggy *befel,*
'Twas ignorance caus'd her absurd offence.
She could pray with an humble face;
And look as she never false could be:
But had she own'd either Wit or Grace,
She never had wedded fro me.

L. *Bum.* Ah, sweet Mrs. *La Pupsey*, what would I give to do as much; here, prithee take some Tea, 'tis good now y'are hot.

La Pup. Tea, Madam, 'tis burnt Brandy.

L. Bum. Why, that's all the Tea in Fashion, now, Fool.

L. Brain. Come, let's go to *Brightsbridge* Garden to Coole; Ladies, I'll retire and dress, and wait on you there instantly; there will be all the World this fine Evening.

L. Bum. 'Tis very true, as I'm a Protestant: come then, my dears, let's go?

La Pup. Come, *Dony*, abroad, abroad, *Dony*, kiss me, ye dear Jewel,—kiss, kiss.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter Sir* Philip *and* Love wel.

Sings. *Did you not promise me*, &c.

Love. Can you revoke your Promise then, can you be so ungrateful?

Sir *Phil.* Prithee, my dear, no more, that I will always love thee, thou may'st assure thy self.

Love. Love me, and keep me like a Slave dishonour'd thus, 'tis most impossible, no, if you'd have me believe you have the least Compassion for me: perform your Promise, and take me for your Wife.

Sir *Phil.* My wife, then I should never love thee more.

Love. Have I not purchas'd thee with Toyl and Study, paid with my Labour and industrious Wit, a Ransom for repeal of my Dishonour, nay, brought ye a Fortune too beyond your hopes, the best Inducement to a Marriage state, and d'ye forget me? fye, Sir, indeed you must not, you know y' are mine by bargain.

Sir *Phil.* And will perform it to thee the best way, by a free, vigorous and active love, nay, if I fail thee, Child, then I were ungrateful indeed.

Love. You never can perform, unless you marry me.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, I warrant thee, Child, I warrant thee.

Love. You know I love you much beyond my Life, you know what's due to a Vow of Honour; and tho' my tender years, and to fond Heart, charm'd by your Merit, and your graceful Person, was won too soon at first: I cou'd not doubt your Vows, and was innocent of doing wrong, as fearless of receiving it from you.

Sir *Phil.* 'Dsheart, with naming Marriage, gad thou hast also made me keck already: oh, I should make a damn'd confounded Husband; I am like those that cannot sleep with Doors and Windows shut, if I want Air I suffocate: besides, is it not better to come to thee, wanton and brisk, and aiery as a Bird, to hop into the Bosom, Sing and Bill, then fly away, soon after come again, pruning my self in welcome Liberty, than be confin'd to monster in a Cage, and batten in the Excrement of Marriage?

Love.

Love. Does this Consideration Countervail my being a Whore, and my dear Boy a Bastard?——

Sir *Phil.* A Bastard, why he's the more like to be a Hero, I hope; I was a Bastard my self.

Love. No, you design, I see, to break my Heart: ah barbarous Man, how can you be so Cruel? have I not always been most faithful to ye? can there be any Virtue in a Wife, which I'de not hourly practice to oblige ye? nay, do me but this Justice, you shall find, I'll be the dearest humblest of your Creatures: Say, think, do what you please, I'll be obedient, never repine or grumble at your Actions, nor say you wrong me, tho' you give cause; never expect the Pleasures that Wives covet, to gad abroad, and Riot in rich Clothes, but sit at home all day like a House-Dove, and if I have you there be glad and merry, if not, with throbbing Heart be still and Patient—my Eyes shall watch, which if some drops shall fill I'll dry 'em up just as I hear you coming, and meet my Love still with a face of Joy.

Sir *Phil.* Pretty Rogue, prithee no more of this sad stuff,——thou madest me sick just now with talking, and now thou makest me melancholly.

Love. Upon my Knees I beg.

Sir *Phil.* Oh fie, this carrying the humour on so far, will make me Angry, you know my Humour, and 'tis unalterable,——I'll provide for ye well, and you in reason should desire no more; and now our business is done,——you shall come away from Sir *Lawrence* to morrow,——but not a word more of this stuff, as you tender my Displeasure.——Marry, in the Devils name, 'dsdeath I'm all over in a cold Sweat at the thought on't. [*Exit Sir* Phil.

Love. Base and perfidious, hast thou then deceiv'd me, is there no truth nor honour in the Sex, no Balm Cure for betray'd Innocence too fondly trusting in deceitful Man?—Ah, no, I find there is not, let Cunning then, the Woman's never failing Art assist me; once more I'll set my fruitful Brains to work,——fawn, wheedle, lye, and seem to be pleas'd, as if he really had kept his Promise: hah, 'tis hatching here already, and I hope 'twill prosper, to redress such a wrong every just Power will aid me:

The very *Indian* Heathens hate this Ill,
They never promise more than they fulfill:
If any Virgin does her Humour trust
Her Tawny Lover, tho' he's rude is just:
But our worse Heathens here conspire our Ruin,
And make a jest of a poor Maid's undoing. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Lawrence, Solon *and* Bias.

Sir *Lawr.* FOR an old Courtier that has liv'd in four Kings Reigns, ſeen three Crown'd, and had a ſtrong hand in the late Revolution, who, tho' he has got nothing, has ſpent an Eſtate amongſt 'em, and that's one good ſign of a Courtier, to find in his latter days ſuch a dearth of good manners, as to ſee himſelf affronted, and his Progeny baffled, by a cleft Canibal, a Woman; it has not only given me the Spleen, but methinks I have upon me, the Gout, the Stone, the Sciatica, and all the Diſtempers incident to Human frailty, through mere vexation by the Parliament.

Bias. Well, let it be as it will, I'll be a Man or a Mouſe I'm reſolv'd on't, I will have a Wife ſome where or other, now my mind is ſet on't, let the Widow be as Muſty as ſhe pleaſes——what, any Man that will Marry need not want a Wife in *London* ſure.

Sir *Lawr.* No, Boy, I've another in my Eye for thee, I look upon this ſenceleſs haughty Minx that abus'd us, as upon a thing of nothing, and now ſhe's baffled of her Writings, a thing that has nothing, nor ſhall deſerve our further trouble; for a Widow without Money, is like a Purſe without it, when once ſhe is empty ſhe is not worth wearing.

Solon. True, Father, or like a Nut that's Maggot-eaten, when this Kernel's gone once, the Shell is not worth cracking, as a man may ſay.

Sir *Lawr.* By the Parliament, and that's well ſaid, *Solon*, I ſee this Boy has his Wit by fits and girds, as Women have their good Humors——gad, one of the old Patriarchs could not have ſpoke a wiſer thing than that now.

Bias. There's another Widow that I know of, that I believe has a Months mind to me, and I'll go and ſtrike her up e're long; 'yfaith I'll make but few words with her, not I; if they won't when they may, they may let it alone for *Bias*,——'tis the Widow *Hockley* I mean, I believe you know her, old Gentleman.

Enter Pimpwell.

Bias. How now,——What would this Woman have, 'tis all one, I'll have a ſmack at her, faith, I'll give her a touch to remember me by. [*Goes and kiſſes her rudely.*

Pimp. Rude ill-bred Fellow.

Sir *Law.* Ha, ha,——Did you ever ſee ſuch a mettled Rogue, this is ſo like me in my young days, I have done as much to my Mother's Dairy-maid many a time in the Corn-field at home.

Bias. Nay, never frown nor call names for the matter, here are Lads of mettle, I can tell ye but that.

Pimp. Prethee Fool be quiet, I have nothing to ſay to thee, my buſineſs is to this Gentleman. [*Goes to* Solon, *he ſhrinks back.*

Solon. Me forſooth, why I don't know ye not I, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. Give her a Smack, *Solon*, don't let her prate, give her a ſmack, I did Boy.

Pimp. Sir, tho' I'm a ſtranger t'ye, I ſuppoſe you know my Miſtreſs, Madam *Berenice*.

Sir *Law.* Humph, *Berenice*.

Pimp. Who knowing ye to be in the Garden, ſends word by me, that ſhe deſires to be happy in your good company.

Bias. Smack her, I ſay, *Solon*. Come I'll ſhew thee the way. [*Goes towards her.*

Sir *Lawr.* 'Dsheart, let her alone, Sirrah. Madam your moſt humble Servant—my Son ſhall wait upon her Ladyſhip inſtantly, and I beg your pardon heartily for t'others rudeneſs, for to ſay the truth, he's drunk, Madam,——I had no way but that to bring the Dog off. [*Aſide.*

Pimp. I'm ſatisfy'd, Sir,——come, Sir, will ye go?

Solon. Ay with all my heart. Really Madam, I'm over joy'd, as a Man may ſay.

Bias. Gadzooks, why this *Solon*'s a lucky Dog now.

Sir *Lawr.* Lucky, ay;——You had like to have made fine work, fie upon't: in troth *Bias*, you muſt not be ſo rampant, you might have ſpoil'd your Brother's Fortune by it, by the Parliament you might, now I'm ſerious,——but go, d'ye hear Comb your Peruke, and ſpruce your ſelf up, the new Widow will be here preſently, ſhe's to come with my Siſter *Bumfiddle*—— go, go, you'll find me hereabouts. [*Exit* Bias.

Sir *Lawrence ſolus.*

Ah, many a nights reſt do theſe two Boys hinder me of, they're two ingenuous Youths truly, at leaſt, if I may be judge, eſpecially *Solon*, wherein I differ from other Fathers, who generally are fondeſt of the eldeſt Blockhead; now I am of the youngeſt: I have a Daughter too, but I think ſhe's ſecure enough from the Town-Fellows, for I have neither let her Write nor Read, becauſe ſhe ſhan't underſtand Love-Letters: humph, by the Parliament here ſhe comes, and that ſame Rake-helly Lieutenant with her, [*Enter* Callow *and* Margery. if this skittiſh liſping Jade ſhould turn Whore now, before ſhe can Read her Horn-book——the Devil muſt be very ſtrong in her, I'll ſtand aſide and obſerve.

Callow. To affront and abuſe your humble Servant ſo, my dear pretty Creature, without any reaſon, I ſwear it went to my Heart.

Marg. Why, what would you have me do when the Folks thee us, I'm tho aſham'd before Company, I can't tell what to do, beſides, if my Father ſhould but know.

Sir *Lawr.* Which, the Devils in him if he ſhould, being ſo far out of the way—— [*Aſide.*

Marg. He would never let me go abroad agen, for he hates I ſhould talk to a Man for fear I ſhould Marry, and oblige him to pay me a Porthion.

Sir *Lawr.* Does he ſo Oatmeal Face, I ſhall talk with you preſently. [*Aſide.*

Callow. Thy Father, ah prithee don't name him, Child, as long as I have thee of my ſide, the old Fellows but a Cipher, beſides I out-wit him always, I lead him by the Noſe when-ever I ſee him, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* Very good, there's an impudent Rogue too, he has an ignorant raw ſkittiſh Head, with a Flairing Comode on, and he's an Addled Blockheaded Bully, with a fluttering Scarfe on, they're a mighty fine Couple indeed.

Marg. Nay, piſh,——now you ſqueeth mee too hard agen, lord you make ſuch a Buſtle always, and do tho ruffle and tumble ones head with kithing one.

Callow. A thouſand Pardons my dear Rogue; that's well put in my Head, faith. [*Kiſſes her.*

Sir *Lawr.*

Sir *Lawr.* Oh rare, rare dolings! She can't ſpeak at home, nor won't let a Man touch her when ſhe's before me; but the Quean can bill like a Pidgeon, I ſee, now. [*Aſide.*

Marger. O my Conſcience, for ought I thee you intend to marry me.

Callow. Marry thee; Ay, what elſe my dear Rogue.

Marg. O Lord, I ſhall never endure it, I ſhall cry my ſelf to death.

Sir *Lawr.* O hang ye——— [*Aſide.*

Callow. What a plague does ſhe mean? I believe ſhe has a mind to have a touch before-hand, Sink me.

Marg. Beſides, my Father will kill me.

Callow. He, an Old Grizzle,———'Dslife I'd banter him to death in half an hours time; and if he ſhould but touch thee, I would give him a fillup with my two Fingers, that ſhould knock him as flat as a Battle-Ax, burn me.

Sir *Lawr.* Why then Sirrah, there's a fillup to provoke ye——Come Draw, Bully, Draw———I will cut your Throat elſe, by the Parliament I will, I can Swear as well as you, Dogbolt.

Callow. 'Dsheart, Sir *Lawrence* here; what ſhall I do now?

Marg. My Father! Now the Devil take all ill Luck———I muſt't take his part———Do my Father——Beat him, thwinge him, break his Bones, cut his Throat, For I can never be quiet for him, like a deboath'd, drunken, doltiſh, dunderheaded, dethetiful, damn'd, deviliſh Dog, as he is, to teith me tho.

Callow. So, ſo; She's in the old ſtile again———I ſhall be worried between 'em if my Legs don't befriend me——— [*Runs out.*

Sir *Lawr.* A Cowardly Raſcal; what is he gone?———Here's a fine Scarfe-Officer for ye,———If they ſhould chance to be all ſuch, we ſhould beat the French finely; we ſhould have a ſpecial Army, by the Parliament.

Marg. I believe, Sir, I have forwarned the Fellow above a thouſand times, tho I have.

Sir *Lawr.* Oh, very likely; that made you cry, O Lord: you make thuſch a Buthle, and do tho Ruffle ones head with kiſhing one,———Hah, you liſhping Quean you:——But I'll manage you I'll warrant you.——Come Huſſy, come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Phillip, Darewell, *and* Van Grin.

Van Grin. You never ſaw ſuch a Fellow as I am in your life, Captain, for the more the Widow Rail'd, the more I Laugh'd, ha, ha, ha, till ſhe fetch'd out the Piſtols, and then ſhe made me as mute as a Fiſh faith, for you know there was no Jeſt in that: but till then, ha, ha, ha, ha, you would have dy'd with Laughing, Jeſt after Jeſt, Hit after Hit, Joke after Joke, ſouſe upon her, as faſt as Hops, you never ſaw ſuch a fellow in your life, Faith and Troth.

Darew. No the Devil take me not I, nor any one elſe, I believe.

Sir *Phil.* I'll diſcover my ſelf to the Fool, 'twill add to the Jeſt.

Darew. No, prithee, not yet; let him go on a little further.

Van Grin. But the Deviliſh Jeſt of all was, that I ſhould give the Writings, inſtead of the conſounded Councellor, to this plaguy Sir *Phillip*, ha, ha, ha, ha, ——whom I never ſaw in my Life; but I hear he's the Devil of a Fellow.

Sir *Phil.* The Devil he is, and are you ſure you don't know him when you ſee him, *Min Heer Van Blunderpate.*

Van Grin. Ha, ha, ha, ha——— [Grin *ſtares at him and Laughs.*

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha, ha——

Van Grin. 'Tis ſo, 'tis he; Give me thy hand ye Devil you, hark ye you ſerv'd me a plaguy trick, ye young Dog, but I can't be angry with thee for the heart of me, ha, ha, ha, ha,——Well I'm in haſte now, but I muſt Crack a Bottle with thee ſome time or other, for I can't be angry faith, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit* Grin.

Sir *Phil.* No, ſo I find; ha, ha, ha.——

Darew. For fear of being beaten, ha, ha, ha,——'tis ſuch a grinning Puppy; and here comes another almoſt as bad; Oh my Lord, what you are hunting the Duck here, I ſuppoſe; Mrs. *La Pupſey* is in the next Walk, ſhe's div'd juſt before ye.

Enter L. Brainleſs *new Dreſs'd.*

L. Brain. A Pox take my *Valet du Chamber*, I ſhould have been here half an hour ago, if the Raſcal had Dreſs'd me ſooner:——Prithee, Sir *Philip*, how do'ſt like me, thou'rt a Man of Judgment, the Devil take me if I am not very much out of humour about it.

Sir *Phil.* Why, what would you have, my Lord? here's the Brandenburgh's Cut to a Hair, I ſee. The walks begin to fill, here's *Leviathan* coming, and the reſt of the fry, I ſhall be ſwallow'd if I ſtay, farewell; I'll go and ſit an hour with my little dear at home, and keep my word with her like a Man of Honour. [*Exit.*

Darew. I had a Command from my Lady of the *Lake* too, to attend her, ſhe's ſomewhere in the Garden, and I muſt follow her, tho' the dear damn'd Devil abuſes me perpetually: 'Slife here ſhe is——hah——

[*Looks angerly on* Solon.

Enter Berenice, Solon *and* La Pupſey.

Sirrah let go her hand, or I'll cut your Ears off before her Face.

Solon. I won't, no, tho' you could Roar as loud as a Cannon, as a man may ſay.

Darew. Why then I'll try if this can make ye, Raſcal. [*offers to draw.*

Beren. Do, Draw if thou dareſt, thou Raſh, thou Cholerick Fool; draw but an inch, nay, do but look as if thou wouldſt, by all the Saints above, I'll diſcard thee for ever.

Darew. Death, Hell, and Furies! you make me a meer Changeling.

Beren. Why then I make you what you are; and ſuppoſe you are commanded to Act an Aſs a little, will you refuſe it to oblige your Miſtreſs?

Darew. To rank me with ſuch a thing as that, a Dolt, a Fool.

Solon. Fool in your Face, Sir. Gadzookers, Madam ſtand by and ſee fair play; you ſhall ſee me give the Captain a Salt-Eel: 'Slid I'll not be baffled by ne're a water Rat of 'em all, for now my blood's up I'll cut and ſlaſh, or go to Loggerheads with him if he dares.

La Pupſ. Ha, ha, ha. This fool will make rare ſport; I'll improve it.

Beren. D'ye hear, on my conſcience he'll beat thee.

Darew. Oh Women, Women! what were Men born to ſuffer.

Beren. To call a Gentleman Fool, a man of his rare Qualifications; you ſhall ſee a ſpice of his parts, come Dance, Sir,—— [*She Sings, he Dances awkwardly.* Dance any thing *Extempore.*——There's a Lover for ye: So, now break a Jeſt, quick, quick, break a Jeſt.

Solon. A Jeſt; why I ſay the Captain will never take a French Prize at Sea; becauſe he's ſo ill at taking an Engliſh one aſhore: There's a Jeſt for ye.

Darew.

Darew. Sordid Puppy.

Beren. There's a Jeſt *Extempore*; that's more than the greateſt Wit in Town can do, by this Light, Captain.

Darew. Oon's, d'ye call that a Jeſt?

La Puſſ. A Jeſt, ay; and a good one too: Come, now, Sir, as your laſt Tryal, Sing the Dialogue with me, that I ſhew'd you in the Arbour juſt now——Obſerve Captain.——

[*Here they both Sing.*

A DIALOGUE between *Solon* and *Berenice.*

Beren. DAmon, *if I ſhould receive your Addreſſes;*
What would you do to deſerve my Embraces?

Solon. *If my dear* Silvia *would favour my Paſſion;*
I would in faithful Love, Excel the Nation.

Beren. *I am Rich, Fair, and Young, Charming my Face is;*
What merit can you boaſt to gain ſuch Graces?

Solon. *I can ſing, Dance, Ride, Leap, Wreſtle and Tumble;*
And all the Day and Night be your moſt humble.

Beren. *Can you be patient, and Jealouſie ſmother,*
If you ſhould chance to ſee me Kiſs another?

Solon. *I'm in good Nature all others exceeding;*
And well acquainted too with your Town breeding.

Beren. *Or if before my Time you find me ſwelling;*
Would you not grumble nor think of Rebelling?

Solon. *I from my betters have learnt thoſe Expedients;*
And live by City Rule practiſe Obedience.

Beren. *Or if in Rich, Rich Cloaths, or at Play ſtill,*
I laviſh Thouſands, yet would you Obey ſtill?

Solon. *In living great you would add to my Fame too:*
There's ſcarce a London *Wife but does the ſame too.*

Beren. *Take, take my hand then, and ſtraight let's effect it;*
Thou art the very Fool I've long expected.

Solon. *Let fortune frown I can never miſcarry,*
For juſt ſuch Fools as I are all that Marry.

Beren. Very good; What think you now, Sir? Is this accompliſh'd perſon a Fool? When will you do as much, Captain?

Darew. Well I'm fated to be the Fool my ſelf; what would you have me ſay?

Beren. Then live and learn, I mean more manners, Sir, than to queſtion my behaviour; do that when you have power over me: Come, Sir.

Darew. 'Sdeath you won't walk alone with him?

Beren. Not alone with him; who told you ſo? Come worthy Sir.

Solon. Gadzooks this is the Cricketty Minute, as my Brother *Bias* calls it: Lord how the Captain looks! as a Man may ſay. [*Exeunt.*

Darew. Go and be damn'd; I'll plague my ſelf no more; but only this, I'll beat that Fellow, preſent her with his Noſe, and never ſee her after.

[*Exit* Darewell.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter L. Subtle. Lovewell.

L. *Subtle.* Then dear Sir, or dear Madam, for I yet ſcarce know what to call ye, I am ſo tranſported with what you have told me, Will you promiſe to be true to me?

Lovew. As your own Heart, Madam, you ſee before ye, a poor unfortunate Woman, abus'd beyond ſufferance, by that worſt of Monſters Sir *Philip*, the juſt Sence of which has rais'd my Spleen ſo high, that I will crack my Brain but be reveng'd, therefore once more aſſure your ſelf, that as for his ſake my Wit has us'd you ill, ſo for yours and my own, I ſhall make ample ſatisfaction.

L. *Subtle.* Get but the Writings back——I'le wear thee here, here next my Heart, where thou ſhalt grow for ever.

Lovew. I'll do't or dye——Have you ſeen Councellor *Splutter* ſince we conferr'd laſt night together, he ſhould have been here this Minute.

L. *Subtle.* No, but have found him largely, not for his own, but to take thy Advice.

Lovew. And he has done it faithfully, he has contriv'd the rareſt new Deed about the Eſtate of Sir *Solomon*'s Uncle, that died at *Hamburgh*, that our witty Knight will be ſo puzzled about it, for I know his covetous Humour, and have accordingly fitted him; oh, here he comes, ſo Sir, you have diſpatch'd I ſee.

Enter Splutter *with a Deed.*

Splut. Ah Sir, you could not doubt that, when I was to ſerve ſo good a Client as my Lady, here's that will puzzle the Spark, or the Devil's in't, but if this trick ſhould fail, we have ſtill another Game to play with him, for then I'll adviſe my Lady to go on with her Writ of Cozenage, 'gad there we'l trounce him.

Lovew. Nay, prithee ſince Wit has begun, let Wit end it, and do thou but play thy part of bantring, as well as I have done in flatt'ring and fawning on him, 'tis impoſſible but we ſhould ſucceed.

L. *Subtle.* Does he ſwallow that Pill finely?

Lovew. As I could wiſh, and now I don't touch upon Marriage, the lewd wretch is as kind to me, as he ſhould really have been, had he done me Juſtice, whilſt I degenerated by my wrongs, lie in his Arms, and plot like a true Jilt, and whilſt he kiſſes me, vow dire revenge,——Hark, the Garden Bell rings 'tis he, all away, to your Poſt, and Lawyer——mind but your Cue, ne're doubt the happy Iſſue, when I have finiſh'd the work, this ſhall be the ſign. [*Whiſtles. Exeunt.*

L. *Subtle.* And if there be a happy Star for Widows, ſhine clear now I beſeech thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* How does my Bleſſing, what alone and melancholy, well, a pox take all Buſineſs I ſay, I had been with thee an hour ſooner, but that the Houſe of Commons ſate ſo late, that——

Lovew. That you could not mind your Miſtreſs, for minding the weighty Affairs of State, hah——If I had not help'd him out, that Lie would have made him black in the Face. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Phil.* Right Child, well but prithee, how go Affairs with the Widow, hah,

hah, and the old Musty Knight, hast thou taken thy leave?

Lovew. Speak Softly, Sir, I have a secret to tell ye.

Sir *Phil.* A Secret, prethee what is't, out with't;

Lovew. Come a little further from that Door there.

Sir *Phil.* That Door, why what's the matter?

Lovew. Hush, softly I tell ye, hark in your Ear, Councellor *Splutter*'s in the next Room.

Sir *Phil.* Counsellor *Splutter*, how so?

Lovew. Nay your Footman can tell ye that he shew'd him up, for my part I absconded, 'twas not fit for me to be seen.

Sir *Phil.* But pritheee can'st tell nothing of the business?

Lovew. Why, by what I over-heard, the Widow and he have had a difference about the Deed of the other Estate of Sir *Solomon*'s Uncle at *Hamburgh*, which is in his possession, in which it seems you have likewise a considerable share, and the stingy Widow not giving a good Fee, I suppose he's come over to your side,—— so that you are like to wallow in good Fortune now——

Sir *Phil.* Dear dear lucky Rogue——'tis thou art the cause of all, and I will so reward thee——well, I'll go to him——

Lovew. Patience a little, Sir, there may be a trick in't, and he may chance to be a false Brother, and design to over-reach ye, now I have it in my Head, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* What, what dear Rogue?

Lovew. As for your good, Sir, I am still contriving. [*Fawning on him.*

Sir *Phil.* Sweet, charming, precious, prithee go on.

Lovew. That if this Lawyer should prove a knave, which you know is no miracle.

Sir *Phil.* No no, a Miracle, no no.

Lovew. And you two should fall about Proposals, being possess'd of the Deed, having power to wrong ye; to prevent all, I have contriv'd that you should lock me into the Closet here, then bring him in to discourse the business over, so that I hearing every word between ye, may be a good Evidence in case of Knavery:

Sir *Phil.* I gad, thou'rt in the right Child, why thy Wit encreases every Minute, it keeps no bounds, why this is the prettiest project to out-trick a Lawyer, here, get in quickly my dear, pretty Angel, faith thou tak'st too much care.

Lovew. All for your sake, Sir. [*Clapping his Cheek.*

Sir *Phil.* I know it, and will be grateful to thee my Delight, my Jewel—— there's no Service under Heaven that I would not do to oblige my Dear, Dear, Witty, Sweet, Kind, Lucky.

Lovew. Will you Marry me, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* Aw,—go, go, prithee get into the Closet Child, I'm afraid the Man of Law will bolt in upon us, and then our Plot's spoil'd.

Lovew. D'ye keck still; I'll make ye glad to do't e're I have done with ye.

Sir *Phil.* So now, I'm recover'd from my Fit again; *He locks her into the Closet.* that plaguy word comes always upon me, like an Eastern Wind, it blasts all my Joys in a moment,——now to my Lawyer, I hope there's another Estate coming, I shan't want a Witness, and I'm resolv'd I'll make him bawl loud enough.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Lovewell, *with the Box of Writings, and Casket of Jewels.*

Lovew. I have 'em once more, and to Sacred Fate, thus low I bow, with thanks for the success: the Jewels to Man's glittering [*Opens the Casket.* damnation.

Now

Now Marriage-Hater, tho' I ſtill muſt be,
Unhappy in my wrong'd Virginity;
I'll keep thee poor, thus I'm reveng'd of thee, [*Whiſtles and Exit.*
I'll never pay thee for my Infamy.

Enter Sir Philip, *and* Splutter *with a Parchment.*

Sir *Phil.* Come Sir, here's a better light, pray ſpeak out; I'd not give three halfpence a Motion from this Lawyer, he'd not be heard two foot off in *Weſtminſter-Hall.* [*Aſide.*

Splutter. She's gone, I heard the Sign,——— [*Aſide.*
Why truly, Sir, my Lungs are none o'th'beſt,——Ugh, Ugh—— [*Coughs.*
but I'll read as well as I can, Sir,———and if you are the Heir at Law to this Eſtate———.

Sir *Phil.* Come prithee begin; thou'rt a plaguy while about it;———
Come, this Indenture.

Splutter. This Indenture made the Fifteen Day of *Auguſt*, *Anno. Dom.* 1690.

Sir *Phil.* So, now he Mouths it like a right Lawyer; the Devil's in't if ſhe does not hear him now——— [*Aſide.*

Splutter. In the third Year of the Reign——but hark ye; before I go any further let's ſee the Will, to know whether your Name is Right here, I'll not read a Word more till I ſee that, you may be the wrong Perſon for ought I know.

Sir *Phil.* Pox of his dilatory Impertinence; now muſt I go fetch the Writings out of my Cloſet.———How now, the Door open,——ſure this Lawyer could not blow a Door open with his Bawling;—No, no, it may be I ſlipt the Lock; I hope all's well within. [*Exit.*

Splutter. I, much good may't do ye with the Neſt, the Birds are flown to my knowledge, and I'll after 'em; there's a Law trick for ye. [*Exit.*

Re-enter L. Subtle *and* Lovewell.

L. *Subtle.* Haſt got 'em?

Love. Faſt, faſt, Madam; I've ſecured [illegible] ye, where they ſhall never reach his Clutches more.

L. *Subtle.* Oh thou dear life of all my Joys to come; what ſhall I do to ſhew my Gratitude.——— [*Embracing her.*

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* Robb'd, Cheated, Trick'd, Undone, by Heaven, not only the Writings gone, but Jewels too.——A plague of this Lawyer, and the Female Devil that ſet him at Work, where are they now———hah———
[*Sees L.* Subtle *and* Lovewell *Embracing.*

L. *Subtle.* My Dear, Witty, Obliging——— [*Kiſſes her.*

Sir *Phil.* The Widow here, nay then 'tis paſt Redemption; my Damnation is preparing and here are my Tormentors ready: Ah Fool, Fool, dull thoughtleſs Idiot.

L. *Subtle.* Now for my Game with him; I'll try what Wit he has, now Fortune turns the Scale——Moſt Noble Sir, Charm'd with your Perſon, routed by your Wit; My Heart new Modell'd, and my Pride laid low, I'm contrary to Cuſtom come to Woo'e ye; and tho' a Widow, a mere Brokers-ſhop, that as you ſay put off Stale Wares for New, I beg you'd take up with an Old Suit, and Marry me while I am worth the wearing.

Sir *Phil.* Oh!——— [*Groans.*
Lovewell.

Lovew. Or if you think a broken Virgin better, that is as good a Maid as you have left her, and can make shift to Dine on a poor Joynt, that you have made your Breakfast on before; Here I stand by you ready Cook'd and Dress'd, to be Cut up, Sir, by the Knife of Matrimony.

Sir *Phil.* So, there's two Broad Arrows gone through my short Ribs already—such another Attack and I'm gone.

L. *Subtle.* Tho' y'are possess'd of Seventy thousand Duckets, a mighty Sum in Jewels too, yet, Sir, in Charity you know——

Lovew. Tho' loaded with your new Estate, in *Hamburgh* too, Sir, you should not slight poor me.

Sir *Phil.* A Plague upon ye.

L. *Subtle.* A young brisk Widow is no Purgatory, Sir.

Lovew. No, Sir, nor is the Property much alter'd in Virgins of my sort.

Sir *Phil.* Ah, the Devil take your sorts——there's no remedy, I shall be worried.

L. *Subtle.* Fie, fie, Sir, 'tis a shame to let us Court ye so, come, faith, fly the word, shall we draw Cuts?

Lovew. A Short and a long, Come, Sir, here's a slip of Parchment that ty'd the Box of Writings, this will do rarely. [*Takes up a slip of Parchment from the ground.*

Sir *Phil.* Ah stinging Devil.

L. *Subtle.* Ha, ha, ha,—he'll fall to my Lot, on my Conscience.

Lovew. Nay, that's Injustice, he should rather fall to mine, to make amends for old scores,——What say ye, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Why, I say, that if ye don't both get ye instantly out of the Room, I shall beat ye.

L. *Subtle.* } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Lovew. }

Sir *Phil.* A Plague on your Merriment, would the Devil had their Lodgings for being so near the Street, I'd try else if you would make another score of noise.

Lovew. That lewdness has undone thee, impious Wretch, the Scrowl of thy Offences are full numbred, and punishment pursues thy Guilt apace, canst thou look on me and not blush to death to see the Innocence, thy Vice has ruin'd; for tho' by Perjuries and Oaths betrai'd, I swear I was so innocent of Ill, I thought all Love like mine, was Honourable.

Sir *Phil.* Wilt thou make me forget my self, wilt thou not be gone, thou Witch, thou Devil?——Confound 'em, what shall I do with 'em.

L. *Subtle.* Now Sir, pursue your Marriage-hating Humour, Men of great Fortunes may do what they please,——Fool, thou shalt be my Days and Nights diversion, I'll never eat but the Theme of all the Jests, shall be Sir *Philip*'s Wit, Sir *Philip*'s Humour, and when I go to Bed, my very Woman——viewing the Jewels, shall even burst with Laughing, and cry out, Oh silly, silly, silly Marriage-hater.

Lovew. And when I come to th' sport——

Sir *Phil.* Why then a Legion comes, a thousand thousand Devils, I shall draw upon 'em, if I stay, I've no patience left [*Runs and locks himself into the Closet.*

Lovew. Nay, I han't done with ye yet, Sir. [*Goes and Drums at his Door.*

L. *Subtle.* There's a Widow, Call to Marriage too, Sir, I know you love it dearly. [*drums.*

Oh wretched Tribe, that dare that Law dispute;
Which does their Race distinguish from the Brute:
Lust was a Chaos, till the great Creator,
Confin'd to bounds, the Wilds of Human Nature;
But this foul Beast as if of Bounds asham'd,
Defying Marriage, chooses to be Damn'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lovewell.

Sure there never was so fond a fool as I, now the heat of my passion is over, I can't for the heart of me forbear coming back to make him another Proposal, he has us'd me barbarously, but then he has us'd me kindly too by fits, but then agen, the wrong he did me in getting me with Child, is insufferable,—ay, but then agen, 'twas with my own consent, but then 'twas monstrous in him to refuse to make me amends, ay, but how do I know but this last kindness may Convert him,———'tis no imprudence to try him once more, Heaven may have chang'd his mind. Sir, Sir,——a word w'ee.—— [*Knocks softly.*

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir *Phil.* How now, how dar'st thou come back t'abuse me, thou Sorceress, thou Thief, thou damn'd confounded plaguy Creature?

Lovew. Alas, dear Sir, why do you wrong me so?

Sir *Phil.* Dear Sir,——ah pox upon thee, dar'st thou mock me?

Lovew. Not I, upon my Soul, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Or dost thou come back for my Cloaths and Money? thou hast not robb'd me enough, hast thou, thou *Sybil*?——Where are the Writings and the Jewels, Gipsey, hah?

Lovew. Pray be not angry, Sir, I have 'em safe.

Sir *Phil.* Hah, hast thou 'em,——have a care of Lying.

Lovew. By all that's good I have, Sir, the Widow has not touch'd 'em yet.

Sir *Phil.* How's this,——What a Plague, this little Witch did not take 'em by the way of frollick only, sure, 'dsdeath unriddle this quickly, I'm impatient.

Lovew. You shall have 'em agen, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Hah,——What say'st thou?

Lovew. You shall have 'em agen——

Sir *Phil.* Shall I,—Where, when, how? 'dsdeath don't trifle with me.

Lovew. From me, Sir, from this hand, this liberal hand that gave away my heart, shall give what you desire.

Sir *Phil.* Then I'll believe thou lov'st me.

Lovew. But you must Marry, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Ugh, ugh, ugh.—— [*Coughs and Spits.*

Lovew. And that beforehand too, else I'm off the Bargain.

Sir *Phil.* Art thou resolv'd to murder me?

Lovew. Rather you, for 'twill be a health perpetual, all your life past has been perpetual hurry, lavish and wild, 'tis time, Sir, now to settle.

Sir *Phil.* Settle, and Marry, so; there is, I remember a third convenience belongs to't to.—— *Lovew.*

Lovew. You'll find your best Convenience is to do't, Sir, take me, and take all; yet,——if not, adieu t'ye, I shall make shift to save a Fortune our on't.

Sir *Phil.* Let me consider, and e're I give my resolution fully, sum up the Catalogue of Marriage Evils.

Lovew. Do, Sir, whilst I opposing answer with its Blessings.

Sir *Phil. Imprimis*, to Marry ones stale Mistress, Ridiculous!——

Lovew. Not when your Fortune's sunk, and she brings ye thirty thousand Pounds to build it up again.

Sir *Phil.* Secondly, to feed still upon the same Dish, Morn after Morn, Night after Night——Egud,—— [*Kecks.*

Lovew. Wholesom, wholesom; 'tis the variety of Kickshaws that breed so many Diseases.

Sir *Phil.* Thirdly to be forty times call'd Whoremaster, is not half so Ignominious as one Cuckold,——oh——

Lovew. Nor is the Plague of Cuckoldom half so Nauseous as that one Disease that attends the unfortunate Whoremaster.

Sir *Phil.* Fourthly, to live like a Dog with a Bottle ty'd fast to his Tail, or an Ape with a great Clog on; Oh intolerable!

Lovew. Which you would never have done, if like an Ape you were not Mischievous, or did not like an unlucky Curr run after other Mens Sheep.

Sir *Phil.* Then to have a useless Wife puking——Ugh——an Impertinent Nurse a Snoring, pugh——And a little squab Brat a Bawling,——Ugh, ugh, ugh;——— Oh the Devil, I shall fetch my Lungs up, I shall never endure it. [*Coughs.*

Lovew. Why then, Adieu, I'll never ask you more, I am resolv'd on't.

Sir *Phil.* Stay——A lucky thought comes to me on the sudden, which if it take Effect, secures me yet—— [*Aside.* Come hither again, where did you leave the Widow?

Lovew. At the Streets end, with promise to come and deliver all up to her this Evening; and since you persevere thus in injustice, I am resolv'd I'll do't,—— She's so overjoy'd, that she intends to have the Musick and a Masquerade at her Lodging to Night; she will be grateful to me, tho' you won't.

Sir *Phil.* Come hither, thou hast won me, I will do't.

Lovew. What? Marry me.

Sir *Phil.* Pox, Prithee name it by some other word, a Thunderbolt is not so dreadful, the plaguy Black Coat, shall do the plaguy business, if that's sufficient.

Lovew. 'Tis all I wish; oh, how my Heart beats for Joy, this is the happiest Moment I e're saw,——

Sir *Phil.* I'll get a Parson, and in an hour be with ye; till when, adieu: Ah little did I e'er think to be fooll'd thus.

Lovew. Nor I to be so happy.—— [*Exit* Lovewell.

Sir *Phil.* Of what an Odd kind of Composition is the Nature of Man:——If Consideration now could take place in me, I have no reason to deny doing Justice to this pretty Creature, that is so kind, and can do me so much good; but on my Conscience, my only cause of hating a Wife, is, because it is convenient for me; and Marriage in those of my humour, is just like Devotion, Low'd and practis'd the less, because it is Enjoyn'd us; besides, being out-witted by this little Devil has so nettled me, that I cannot forbear putting one trick more upon her, tho' 'tis unreasonable: Let me see, she will be Married before she reminds,

refuſals.——Very good; why ſhe ſhall.——and I think I have a *Valet de Chambre* can perform the Office as well as any Prieſt in Chriſtendom; 'tis true, he's an Iriſhman, but a little ſence will ſerve to do ſuch a buſineſs.——Hey——*Adack Buffle.*

Enter Buffle.

Buffle. Thy will, an't pleaſe thee.

Sir *Phil. Buffle*, ſince this four or five days that thou haſt been with me, I have received ſo good an Opinion of thy Wit, that I have now a project to employ thee in.

Buffle. I ſhall take Care of it to the beſht of my Ability, if thou wilt be plain with me in the matter.

Sir *Phil.* Why *Adack*, I muſt be Married, and I would have thee do the Office for me: Can'ſt thou read the Service, and Act a Parſon rarely, hah?

Buffle. Ee warrant thee, for ee have a Brother that is in Order, and ee have ſeen him do it ſo often, that ee cannot miſtake.

Sir *Phil.* That's well ſaid, I'll fit thee with a Habit preſently, and then do it hot Cunningly and be the glory of thy Country.

Buffle. I warrant thee, I warrant thee, my Father *Teg* was a cunning Scab-beſore me.——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Tho' to oblige my ſelf I muſt put this new Trick upon the Widow, yet I cannot in conſcience but contrive ſomething to do her a kindneſs, and therefore reſolve to manage the Old Knight's Nephew, the *Flanderkin*, till he is fit for my purpoſe, one Minute will do it, and then away brisk to my own Sir *Philip*; Hark, I think I hear him already.—— [*Noiſe within.*

Van Grin within. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——

Love. Ay 'tis he, and I believe laughing at his ſhadow for want of a better Subject.——

Enter Van Grin, *Limping.*

Oh Sir, you're come very opportunely——Pray what is't provokes your Mirth ſo?

Van Grin. Why the oddeſt jeſt that ever I knew in my life, Faith and Troth, Ha, ha, ha, ha,——for upon the report of the Widows late good ſucceſs you moſt know, I was making freſh Love to her, and running after her down a pair of ſtairs, where the plaguy Jade her Maid, Ha, ha, ha,——had thrown a handful of Peaſe juſt before; what does me I, but tumble down from top to bottom Faith and Troth——Ha, ha, ha, Gad I believe I've broke two of my Ribs——beſides, ſpraining my Leg, Ha, ha, ha, ha,——did you ever know ſuch a Jeſt.

[*Sits down.*

Love. No, by my Soul, never ſuch a kind of Jeſt in my life.

Van Grin. My Head too,——I've a knob in that as big as a Turkey Egg, Ha, ha, ha,——She told me before a Cannon ſhot would not break it, and now I find her words true Faith, and Troth.

Love. Oh Sir, 'tis a great ſign of Love, when ſhe begins to play Frolicks with ye.

Van Grin. Why faith, I think ſo, though ſhe has been plaguy croſs to me of late

ate too; but, if I thought this was her way of making Love, Gad I'd go and present her the use of my Legs and Arms, and let her sprain and break 'em as she pleas'd, let her but give me leave to Joke, and all the rest of my Members are at her Service, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest faith.

Lovew. And truly, Sir, yours is the most sensible sort of Love of any I ever heard of; for as a famous Author has it,

He that hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.

Van Grin. Why 'tis very true; and that's very pretty,——and so art thou too, ye little brisk smug-fac'd Rogue, ha, ha, ha,——Oh my Ribs, my Side, my Legs,——ha, ha, ha,——a plaguy Jade, that was such a Jest to throw Pease upon the Stairs.

Lovew. Ah Sir, thereby hangs a story that would make your Ribs soon well again, if you knew all.——

Van Grin. Say'st thou so, prithee what is't? my dear *Mercury?*

Lovew. Nay, I think in Justice I ought to inform ye; therefore know Sir, the Widow loves ye, and this Masquerade is I believe made chiefly for your sake.

Van Grin. Ha, ha, ha,——No, no, ye Jest, ye Jest.

Lovew. Hush, lay your Finger upon your Mouth,——here comes company; and if your Legs will give ye leave, follow me, I'll tell ye more. [*Exit.*

Van Grin. 'Dsheart, if my legs were off I'd follow thee upon this account. [*Exit Limping after her.*

Enter Bumfiddle *and* Darewell.

Darew. 'Dsdeath she has abus'd me beyond humane patience.

L. *Bum.* Oh you must never mind that, Captain; 'tis the way of some Women; You a Man of War, and leave off the Fight for a Chance shot or two, I'm asham'd on't,——When shall we sup together again, the last Venison was very good as I'm a Protestant.

Darew. 'Twas a sign so by your Eating indeed.—— [*Aside.*
Oh, when you please, Madam,——but hark ye, when is my Marriage to be?

L. *Bum.* Why thou shalt have her to Night,——are the hundred Guineas ready?

Darew. All ready to chink into your hand, Madam, if that were but done once.

L. *Bum.* Thou shalt have her to Night then, I tell thee, she sent to thee to get a Parson ready, did not she?

Darew. Why yes, and I have one yonder; But the Devil take me me if I am not afraid she'll have some damn'd freak or other in her head, and plague me again; see yonder she comes, and that Fool *Solon* with her, whom I have not yet beaten; but if he scapes when next I meet him, I'll give him leave to rival me indeed.

Enter Berenice, Solon, *and* Pimpwell.

Beren. Yonder he is, and I must seize him once more, tho' I lose him by't,——give me your hand, Sir, why do ye loyter so,——You know I hate to have ye out of my sight, and yet you are still so backward.

Darew. Fond, by this light, and blames him for his Loitering.

L. *Bum.* She is not bewitch'd sure, is she?

Solon. O Lord! I vow and swear, Madam, I could outrun the swift wing'd Racers of the Sky, as the Book says, to keep you company, well I vow that's a curious thought, as a Man may say.

Darew.

Darew. I shall have no patience,——Come Madam, what d'ye mean? the Man of God stays yonder according to your Order.

Beren. Oh, thank ye good Captain; I had forgot I vow.

L. Bum. Oh, she's coming to her self again, I see.

Beren. Sir you are extreamly oblig'd to the Captain here, for his good will, fearing that I should keep your passion off too long, he has provided here a Chaplain for ye.——Come, Sir, I'm ready. [*To* Solon.

Darew. Death and Furies! a Chaplain for him.

Solon. I Vow and swear he's the Civilest person that ever I met with in my Life, as a Man may say.

Darew. Nay then, Rage shall take place; Scoundrel avaunt, and d'ye hear, Madam do me justice instantly, and come and let the Parson do his Duty, or may I live Branded with the Name of Villain, if here I throw not off all rules of Decency, Manners, Respect, and Duty for your person, and carve out instantly my worst revenge in the Hearts blood of that ridiculous Monster.

Beren. Why come then; Lord! what need you be in such a passion? If I must be yours, I must be yours,——and there's an end on't:—— God buy *Solon*, you see there's no help for't,——*Betty* stay here, and banter him as I instructed thee,—— [*Aside to* Pimpwell. *Exeunt.*

L. Bum. I was plaguily afraid the freakish Jipsey would have made me lose my hundred Guineas.

Solon. A plague on't, what doings are here? now foreward then backward; then this way, and then t'other way; now chuck under the Chin, and next minute spit in one's Face; why this is the very Devil, as a Man may say.

Pimp. Oh, Sir, don't trouble your self; this is only a trick upon the Captain; go presently and dress your self for the Masquerade, and then rely upon me; I'll give ye an account of her Habit, and you shall steal her off and Marry her in spite of him.

Solon. Why then I vow and swear, that will be mighty neatly contriv'd; and I shall have something in the bottom of my Pocket for thee too, sweet-heart,—— and if I can but steal her away, as thou say'st, I care not if I go to Loggerheads with the blustering Captain every hour of the Day, as a Man may say.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Lawrence *and* Bias *in Masquerade; Sir* Lawrence *dress'd like an Old Woman.*

Sir *Law.* If I am not asham'd of my self; there is no Wisdom in Age and Experience; for an old Man as I am, whose dress should be grave and decent, and whose Actions should be consequent to His Gravity, to come a Masquerading, Equipt thus egregiously; ah 'tis Foppish and Vile;——but then again, 'tis true I'm a Courtier, and the Fop is the less seen in me.

Bias. For my part I never trouble my head about that, I'm no more a Fop now than I us'd to be.

Sir *Law.* Ah Boy, 'tis for thy sake that I expose my self thus; the Widow has receiv'd her Fortune again, I hear, and therefore we must turn the humour. Well Boy! but what Answer did she make thee this Morning.

Bias. Gad she was in the rarest humour that ever I saw her in my Life, faith; she

ſhe has appointed the hour, told me her Diſguiſe, and I'm to ſteal her away to-night in Maſquerade.

Sir *Lawr.* Why, Bleſſing on her Heart,——and my opinion of her is mightily chang'd ſince yeſterday——go go away Boy, and watch her Motion——my Son.——*Exit* Bias. *Solon* will be provided for to night too, why, here will be ſuch an hour of Coupling, gad I believe the Stars themſelves will be all in Conjunction, and I'm glad on't at my heart, faith,——how now, who comes here——oh, I ſee the humour holds general, there are more Fools abroad than my ſelf.

Enter Callow *and* Margery *in Maſquerade.*

Callow. So, my Dear, now thou'rt mine By Law, the Parſon has done his part——and I think I've done mine a little,——and faith to get up the Chimney to come out to me was a very odd contrivance, that's the Truth.

Marger. What d'ye think a Maid of my Age can't contrive to come out to her Man, when ſhe hath a mind to be Married, I'd have broke thown the Wall but I'd have come to thee; if thwere only to ſpite my Father, I'll teath him to lock me up.

Sir *Lawr.* That liſping Fool puts me in mind of my *Peggy*, that I have lock'd up at home.——

Callow. Ay ay, now I have thee faſt, let the old Heteroclite fret himſelf into a Conſumption, if he will,——but ſee, here's ſome of the Maſquers come already.

Marg. Oh Lord, that's an old Woman, I'll go ſpeak to her,——How now Grannum——What make you here, hah?

Sir *Lawr.* I come a fooling, as you do. What have you ſtole out from your Father's houſe, through the Chimney, ſay ye?

Marg. Yeth that I have, and have Married without hith leave, becauth I found my ſelf capable.

Sir *Lawr.* Indeed,——What! and you are the happy Bridegroom, are ye, Friend?

Callow. Inſtead of a better, Grannum, you will get little or nothing by us this time, we can bring our ſelves together without ye, we ſhall have no occaſion for a Bawd, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* This muſt be the Rakehelly Lieutenant, I know him by his *Rot me*.

Callow. But if you have a mind to try, how you can move your old Bones, and will Dance at our Wedding, you muſt come away quickly, for we are juſt going to begin.

Marg. Ay ay, old Drybouth——we are Jutht going to begin, ha ha ha [*Exeunt.*

Sir *Lawr.* She has got my young Jades Tone exactly, by the Parliament, I don't know what to think on't——if theſe young Queans can climb up Chimnies to get to their Fellows, what a Plague ſignifies Locks to our Doors,——I'll go after 'em and be reſolved, for my Heart miſgives me damnably.—— [*Exit.*

Enter L. Subtle, *Sir* Philip *and* Lovewell *in Maſquerade.*

L. *Subtle.* Baſe faithleſs wretch, haſt thou deceiv'd me then?

L. *Lovew.* 'Tis in Vain to rail, Madam, Sir *Philip* has done me right, and you muſt excuſe me for fruſtrating your hopes upon ſo good an occaſion; if we have wrong'd ye, you know the Law is open.

Sir *Phil.* Ha ha ha——Here they are faith,——here's the glittering Damnation——come into my Clutches agen Widow. [*Shews the Jewels.*

L. *Subtle.* And I hope ſhe'll make thee pay for 'em,——and ſince merely to abuſe

abuſe me thou haſt Married——for ſtill I know thou hateſt it; May Diſcord, Jealouſie, hated Barrenneſs, with all the Curſes of the Marriage-State, be thy perpetual Plague.

Sir *Phil.* Ay ſo it ſhall when I come into't,—— [*Aſide.*
this Crochet will do well upon my Hat. Widow,——

L. *Subtle.* Out of my ſight, or I ſhall Stab ye both.

Sir *Phil.* Oh, nay, if you are ſo deſperate, farewel t'ye,—come *Lovewell* let's go and peruſe our Writings. [*Exit.*

Lovew. Fie, fie, this Rage is ridiculous——what is done, is done, and tho' I cannot wrong my ſelf, nor part with my dear *Philip*, nor his Fortune, yet if you'll follow my Advice, Madam, and Marry, I'll help ye to a Fool and Fifteen hundred a year, if that will make amends, nay, never boggle at it.—Keep up good Humour, let the Dance begin, and e're an hour is ended, he's your own.

L. *Subtle.* Thou art a very Devil, and thou can'ſt do any thing, there's no remedy, I ſee I muſt take what thou wilt give me, lead on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Darewell.

Darew. So, with much ado, ſhe's mine, at laſt, tho' I was damnably afraid at firſt, all the time the ſervice was ſaying, that ſhe would have plaid ſome freak or other with the Parſon.——but, as it happens, ſhe was more tame than I expected——well, heaven ſend me good luck——I'm ſure I've took pains enough about her.

Enter L. Brainleſs.

L. *Brain:* Who's that, *Darewell?*

Darew. The ſame, my Lord, what is not the Dance begun yet?

L. *Brain.* Begun, what, without me, Fool,——they may as well begin without the Fiddles, I have kept them a little too long, 'tis true, but what doſt think I've been imploy'd about?

Darew. Nay, ſome mighty Affair, without doubt.

L. *Brain.* The greateſt in the World, the Devil take me,——thou art my Friend, I dare truſt thee, hark in thy Ear,——I'm juſt Married.

Darew. Married, my Lord, why hark in your Ear then, So am I, this ſhall be call'd the *Marriage Maſquerade*, for I know of two Couple more, but to whom, good my Lord.

L. *Brain.* Why, to dear *Pupſey*——I have been horridly in love with her a great while, thou know'ſt ſhe's an extreme witty perſon, and they ſay, a great Fortune.

Darew. She has been a high Flyer indeed, my Lord, and to my knowledge, kept company with Crown'd Heads, but not worth a Groat, by Heaven. [*Aſide.*

L. *Brain.* She's yonder among the Maſquers, come *Tarr*, I believe thour't but a wooden Dancer,——Obſerve me, and it may do thee a kindneſs.

[*Muſick ſtrikes.*

Enter Sir Philip, *Sir* Lawrence, Callow, *L.* Bum. Lovewell, Berenice, Solon, Bias, Margery, Comode, Pimpwell, Bandy, La Pupſey, *L.* Hockley *in Maſquerade*; Pupſey *carries her Lap-dog in Maſquerade too.*

Song

SONG in Two Parts.

As soon as the Chaos *was turn'd into Form,*
And the first Race of men knew a good from a harm,
They quickly did joyn,
In a Knowledge Divine,
That the Chiefest of Blessings were Women and Wine,
Since when by example Improving Delights,
Wine Governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights.
Then Love on and Drink,
'Tis a Folly to think
Of a Mistery out of our reaches;
Be moral in Thought,
To be Merry's no Fault,
Tho' an Elder the contrary Preaches.
For never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,
Than when Knaves would seem Pious, and Fools would seem Wise.

La. Pup. Well, I swear your Lordship Dances like a little God.

L. *Brain.* And thou like a Goddess, my dear charming Heavenly——ah Pox, there's no body else here can move a Leg,——yet faith the Masquerade is extravagant enough, ——here's no body but *Darewell*, that I can guess at in the whole company——ha, ha, ha, I wonder who that bulky thing is.

La. Pupsey. That must be my Lady *Bumfiddle* by her Obesity.

L. *Brain.* Her Obesity, whata Plague's that?——her Belly,——I see I must pick up my old Scraps of Learning agen, my Spouse will over-run me else most damnably; but, my Dear, prithee where's Mounsieur *Le Chien*?

La. Pupsey. Oh my dear *Dony*, I had almost forgot him, I beg your Patience my Lord——I'll fetch him, and wait on ye again immmediately—— [*Exit.*

Lovew. *to Sir* Phil.] So by this time, *Hymen* has been Sacrific'd to sufficiently, no less than six Couple have lovingly paid their Devotion to his Altar, I'm sure.

Sir *Phil.* Six Couple, why their Off-spring well begot, in Twenty years time, may be enough to Man a Fleet——poor fool, there wants one Couple of the Six tho'——to my knowledge—— [*Aside.*

L. *Bum.* The Devil take these Prolix doings, I begin to be very hungry.

Beren. That's my Lady *Bumfiddle*, I wonder what she does for her Bumper all this while.

Darew. She has been putting me in mind of Supper three times within this half hour.

Beren. If you were to chuse——what you lik'd, which would you have of all these?

L. *Bum.* There's nothing worth having here, but there's a *Westphalia-Ham* and Pidgeons in the next room, I'd chuse that if I might.

L. *Hock.* This is some-what rude *La. Pupsey* to your betters, I must tell you that. [*Lady* Pupsey *justles Lady* Hockley.

L. *Pupsey.* My Betters, poor Creature, prithee my Lord tell her who I am, whilst I walk by and smile.

L. *Brain.* Madam, your Fault springs from your ignorance, but henceforth re-

member this Lady is my Wife, Dammy.

L. *Hock.* Why then, with my Lady's pardon——I hope she'll thank me, at least, for the old Gowns I've given her——for tho' she be your Wife now, my Lord, she was lately Retainer to our Cabal, and formerly a Player.——

L. *Pupsey.* The Devil was in me to provoke her, all will out now I see, there's no remedy.—— [*Aside.*

L. *Brain.* A Player, ha, ha, ha, why now you Rave, Madam,——*Darewel*, thou canst witness the contrary of that, thou toldst me her breeding was such, that she has been familiar with Kings and Queens.

Darew. Ay my Lord in the Play-house, I told ye she was a High Flyer too, that is, I have seen her upon a Machine in the *Tempest*.

L. *Brain.* In the *Tempest*, why then I suppose I may seek her Fortune in the *Inchanted Island*, what a plague you have trick'd me then *Fubbs*, have ye?

L. *Pupsey.* Trick'd ye my Lord, that's a phrase I confess I understand not yet, but if you design to be Acid, I can have patience tho' you are never so Acrilogical, 'tis all one to me, 'tis the same thing in the *Greek*. [*Enter* Van Grin.

L. *Brain. Greek*, the Devil take all Learning, I say, 'dsdeath are these the joys of Marriage?

Van Grin. The Joys of Marriage, ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest, faith; I have most share in that, I'm sure. Where is this Sir *Philip*, now let him produce himself, that I may laugh at him immoderately, ha, ha, ha, ha, for I have Married the Widow and wip'd his Nose, Faith and Troth, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Phil.* Thou hast got indeed the Shell of the Widow, but her Kernel, the Writings and Jewels are under Lock and Key in my custody, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Van Grin. He's down right Mad, Faith and Troth,——thou the Jewels, speak Spouse, and confute the silly Knight——

L. *Subtle.* Why, the Truth is, Sir he has got the Writings and Jewels agen; but now I have got you with an Estate, Sir, we'll swinge him off at Law.

Van Grin. Law!——nay, if you talk of Law already, I've catch'd a Tartar Faith and Troth.

Sir *Lawr.* Sure my Eyes don't dazle, What can be the meaning of this?

Bias. What a plague, is the Widow split in two then? for I have one half of her here.

Comode. Not half a Widow, but a whole Maid at your service, Sir.——

Lovew. Oh! Mrs. *Comode*, I wish ye much Joy.——

Sir *Lawr.* Why, this is Witchcraft, by the Parliament, now I'm serious.

Bias. What a pox have I got, the Widows Bed-warmer, and instead of 70000 Ducats, the lawful inheritrix to 7 pair of worn-out Lac'd Shoes, and a dozen of old Combs; go Troop Troop, My Brother *Solon* will laugh me to death,—— he has got a fine Lady and a Fortune. [*Pushes* Comode *away.*

Darew. Not the Lady you mean, I can assure ye, Sir, as this can witness I have laid her aboard my self.—— [*Discovers* Berenice.

Solon. Why then, as I hope to be sav'd, I can't tell what to make of all this, I was to take her away in this disguise, and now he has got her, and if I han't Married her, I'll take my Oath on't I've Married the Devil in her shape, as a Man may say.

Pimpw. You have Married one, Sir, that has had a tender care for your Person a long time, I assure ye—— [*Discovers her self.*

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha,——here's Matrimony like Grapes in Cluſters, Faith—— I'm glad I've ſcap'd ſqueezing. *Aſide.*

Beren. Oh *Betty*, I wiſh thee good luck, take care and make a good Wife, d'ye hear?

Solon. You have neither good Bubbies nor a good Face,——therefore Troop Troop, as my Brother *Bias* ſays. [*Puſhes* Pimpwell *away.*

Comode. Well Sir, The Law will give us Allimoney, and that's all we care for——

Sir *Lawr.* My two Sons Married to two Chamber-maids— and by a Trick,— nay then, there ſeldom comes two Miſchiefs but there's a third,—by your leave Miſtreſs——I believe you and I have ſome intimacy— [*Unmaſques* Margery.

Marg. Well well, what care I, heerth my Huthband ——And y'are an old fribling, fulſome, fooliſh, feeble, fumbling fornicating Fellow, for all y'are my Father, to lock up me, tho ye are.

Sir *Lawr.* Ay, I knew 'twas ſhe——here's your coy, ſkittiſh Quean for ye—— they're all ſo, they Sneak and Prim in publick, as if Butter would not melt in their Mouths, but they are very Devils in a corner.

Callow. Well well, Sir, pay her her Six thouſand pounds——and then Rail as much as you think good, Rot me.

Sir *Lawr.* D'ye hear Friend, you know y'are a Coward, and I know y'are Caſhierd, and therefore if you get one Farthing of her Fortune, why then—Rot me.

Sir *Phil.* He's in the right *Callow*, your buſineſs is done at Court, I told ye what would come of your herding with the factious Party.

Darew. Why now, one may walk Horſes, and t'other may Spin, a very hopeful Match indeed.

L. *Bum.* There never comes better luck when the Blockheads don't Conſult me, I have always obſerv'd it as I'm a Proteſtant.

Callow. 'Tis very hard they ſhould pick out only me, there are more Officers in the Regiment, and ſome, that to my Knowledge, how fair ſoever they carry it, are as Factious as my ſelf, Burn me.

Lovew. And by degrees will be all glean'd out I hope,——A Rot in an Army is a dangerous thing—but Sir *Lawrence*, have your new Affairs intirely taken up your Memory, that you forget your Servant *Lovewell.*——

Sir *Law.* *Lovewell* I'm amaz'd, why thou lok'ſt like a very Woman.

Lovew. And as very a Woman I am, old Knight, as ever you knew in your life, that has, to right former Injuries, and help the Marriage-Hater here to a good Wife, that may be the occaſion of his Salvation hereafter, liv'd thus long in diſguiſe in your Family, and inſtead of Brother to your Friend's Daughter *Phebe*, that was debauch'd, you here behold the very *Phebe* her ſelf, Sir.

Sir *Law.* Hey day! why this is an hour of Wonders.

L. *Bum.* } The Marriage-Hater Catch'd at laſt, ha, ha, ha.
L. *Hock.* }

Sir *Phil.* Hold, hold, good Ladies,——pray let me Explain my ſelf a little, leſt your Extravagant Mirth ſhould not hold out well to the end; 'tis true my Dear, as thou ſayſt, I am Married.

Lovew. Ay, Child, I know it; and thou haſt made me the happieſt Creature breathing.

Sir *Phil.* With all my heart; would I could marry fifty a day at the ſame rate, for ſuch a Fortune,——*Buffle*, come Sirrah off with your Diſguiſe; Look ye Child,——reſolving not to let any Female Wit ever have the better of me; I have over-reach'd thee with another trick, faith, and am Married by my *Valet*

de Chambre; ſo that, inſtead of dull, drowzy Wedlock, I am juſt in the Predicament as I was before, ha, ha, ha, ha,—— [*Turns back on the ſudden, and finds* Thum. *inſtead of* Buffle.
how now! What a Devil art thou.——

Thum. A Miniſter of the Word, and ſhall pleaſe thee.

Sir *Phil.* A Miniſter; what a Plague have I to do with a Miniſter?—where's *Buffle*?

Thum. He is at the Door there; he did deſire me to do for thee this good office.

Sir *Phil.* Peace Hell-hound, Screech-Owl, Black-Coat, Slave,———by the Furies I'm caught in my own Snare.——— [*Aſide.* [*Enter* Buffle.
how now, Rogue; what miſtake is this?

Buffle. I deſire thou wilt not be angry, I have done all for thy good indeed.

Sir *Phil.* Ah ſordid Villain, I'll murder thee——— [*Pulls* Buffle *by the Ears and Cuffs him.*

Durew. Oh, prithee, Sir *Philip*,———no Paſſion now; let's hear what the Fellow ſays.

Buffle. Why, what is there occaſion for all this broken Face now; have ee not done all things for the beſht, indeed;——thou didſt deſeer me to learn the way of the Marriage, for thee; and by Chreeſht ee did learn and learn, and ee did forget again indeed;———and then for fear that ee ſhould miſtake ee did deſeer my Brother, who is in Orders, and whoſe Trade it is———inſtead of my ſhelf, to do it well for thee; and vare is the harm of this?

Sir *Phil.* Hell and the Devil! Oh ignorant Dog; that I could but get at that Noſe of thine.

Lovew. Go, go, get ye both gone; and here's twenty Guineas to Cure your Face, Friend; away I ſay,——— [*Exeunt* Buffle *and* Thummim.
'Slife how near had I been loſt again; this is the luckieſt turn that ever happen'd.

L. *Brain.* Faith, *Freewit*, thou'rt ſnapt too,——thou'rt in our Row now, in ſpite on thee, I'm glad he has married his Wench, that he mayn't laugh at me for my bargain there;——for the Devil take me, if I don't begin to be aſham'd of her already. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Law.* Well, for my part, ſince chance muſt rule the Roaſt, in ſpite of all Endeavours, I'll be a fond doating Fool no longer,——Let my Son *Bias* be pox'd if he pleaſes; my hopeful Son *Solon* hang himſelf in his hopeful Wifes Garters, And let my Daughter turn *Doll* Common to the Army:———I'll pleaſe my ſelf as long as I can by the Parliament; keep a good Table to get me Reputation; drink the King's Health to ſhew my Loyalty; keep a good Horſe in my Stable, and a handſom Wench for my Houſe-keeper, and there's the reſolution of an old Courtier; now I'm ſerious in good Earneſt.

Bias. Say you ſo old Dew-beater; why then I'll do like all thoſe Sons whoſe Fathers are as you have been,———Spend all I can in your Life-time; Drink Bumpers to your good paſſage, when I hear you are a dying; and forget you before ye are buried.

Solon. I'm ſure 'tis you have been the occaſion of my miſcarriage; for you would have me marry, tho' I was no more fit for a Wife, than a Cow is for a Saddle, as a Man may ſay.

Bersa. Come Siſter, what grown dull with your new Fortune? You may be glad it happens ſo well; Come, come, be merry for ſhame, and Cheer up your Husband there, I ſwear he's down in the Mouth.

L. *Subtle*

L. *Subtle.* And will be worſe down, I believe, before I've done with him——Why, it ſeems he had the impudence to expect a Fortune with me; 'tis a Proverb indeed, that often by Chance, Fools may have Fortune; ——but that a Widow ever gave a Fortune to a Fool, is a preſident yet to make, at leaſt till ſhe was come to her time of dotage:—— Come, come, Laugh, Sir, Laugh.

Van Grin. This is the only thing in the World that I can't laugh at, Faith and Troth; Firſt, to Marry one that cares not if I were hang'd; and then to be fruſtrated of her Fortune, which is the only thing a Widow is good for; one too that has the Impudence to call me Fool the firſt minute of our Marriage, and without doubt will make me a Cuckold the next; 't has quite balk'd me; I could not laugh if I might get a thouſand pounds by't——I could rather weep, faith and troth,—— [*Makes Grimaces as ready to weep.*

Darew. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——a pox on't you muſt ſtrive againſt Melancholy, Man,——'tis the worſt diſeaſe for a fellow of thy Kidney in the World; beſides to begin with it, upon thy Wedding-day, 'tis ominous; for my part I have been venturing too here, but am reſolved to be merry, come what will on't.

Beren. You ſhall have no cauſe to be otherwiſe, Sir, all my freaks are now ended, they were only to try your humour, Sir, and have all made their *Exit* with my change of Condition; I am now as tractable a plain dull ſilly houſe-dove, as if I had been in twenty Sea-fights with ye, or had come under your Lee, for as many Years.

L. *Brain.* Well! what fortune I ſhall get by my Mariage, I find is a Riddle, but I am ſure to have Rhetorick in abundance,——if florid words could be ſum'd into pounds, I were certain of Ten thouſand of 'em in an hours time.——I hope Madam, I may take place of Mounſieur *Le Chien* too; 'tis time for our Rivalſhip to end now.

La. pupſey. Yes, my Lord, ſays he, I ſhall be proud to yield to your Lordſhip in any thing ſays he, yet I have had many a ſweet Night with my dear ſays he, Ay, my dear Life's-blood ſo thou haſt.——Well my Lord may be as angry as he pleaſes ——but if I've a hundred Children by him I ſhall ne're love one of 'em half ſo well—— [*Apart.*

L. *Bum.* Why what a Glut of Weddings are here,——and but one Supper to 'em all, this is pittiful Management, as I'm a Proteſtant.

L. *Hock.* I vow, I could wiſh, methinks, the Frolick had gone thorough; my Niece and I here are the only uncoupled in the whole Company.

Bandy. Which was neither of our faults, Aunt, I'm ſure.

Darew. Come, Sir *Philip*; Fate is inevitable, and 'tis in vain to reſiſt its decree, for my part I'll wear my Yoak, if it chance to be a Yoak, with all the patience imaginable;—— and When the Marriage Courtſhip is a little over, to See again, and Court the Foe in Thunder,——Our Fleet is Royal, Hearts I hope are ſound too;

And let our Loyal Union, be well-fram'd;
If ever then we are baffled, I'll be damn'd.

Lovew. And now, Sir, paſſion being a little over, I hope you'll own what I have done was juſt; and ſince to help the failures of my Wit, a ſpecial Act of Providence befriended me, be pleaſed to look on me with Eyes of pity,

For you might have, Sir, to indulge your life,
A newer Bride, but not a better Wife.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Give me thy hand,——I am convinc'd this moment, that Marriages, the Bliſs or Plagues of Life, are, as thou ſayſt, all th' Effects of Providence; and to begin the reverend Eſtate ſoberly,————firſt I will execute Juſtice; Therefore, as to you, Madam,—— [*To L.* Subtle.
what of Sir *Solomon*'s Eſtate appears your due, ſhall juſtly be ſurrender'd.——
My Spouſe, and I ſhall have enough to Eat with, and cooly enjoy our ſelves like old acquaintance, that long have fed on the Bak'd meat of Matrimony: And ſince the Stars, with their propitious influences, in ſpite of my opinionated Wit, have us'd me like a Vermine in a Trap,

Patient, I'll Reliſh pleaſure dearly bought,
And Chaw on the ſame Cheeſe, with which I am caught.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *La Papſey*, with her Lap-dog in Maſquerade.

TWo Heads they ſay are beſt, I and the Dog
Joyn therefore, to perform the Epilogue:
And firſt, before we excuſe what the Poet Writ,
Your humble Conge, Dony, *to the Pit.* [Bows the Dog.
Gallants, ſays he, I muſt preſume to Crave
The Privilege that all Young Actors have;
Who tho they often blunder to a Crime,
Are certain of your Paraon the firſt time.
And tho' I want the Management of Tongue,
And have ſaid little, yet you know I've Sung.
Ay, ſo thou haſt my dear Felicity: [*Kiſſes him.*
So much for Dony, *now the reſt for me.*
I Swear, I quake to think, tho' not intended,
How many here may chance to be offended;
Who often when their Lovers can't ſucceed,
Smuggle a Creature of my Dony's *breed.*
For as a Babe of Sewet,
To imitate the Married Couples Brood,
Will play with their reſemblance made in Wood;
So Infants of Eighteen that want ſucceſs,
To Catch the greater Donys *play with leſs.*
This amongſt others, Gallants, to your view,
We now preſent ye all as humours new;
Without the leaſt reflection or Abuſe:
And if you now Impartial Candor uſe,
Then to your Service we ſhall ſtill apply
Your moſt Obſequious Humble Dog and I.

FINIS

PROLOGUE.

Mr. *Monford* Enters, meets Mrs. *Bracegirdle* dreſſed in Boy's Cloaths, who ſeeing him, Endeavours to go back, but he taking hold of her, ſpeaks.

Monf. *NAY, Madam, there's no turning back alone;*
Now you are Enter'd, faith you muſt go on;
And ſpeak the Prologue, *you for thoſe are Fam'd,*
And th' Play's beginning.

Brace. *Would the Play were Damn'd:*
I ſhall ne'er wiſh the Poet good ſucceſs;
For putting me into this nauſeous Dreſs;
A Dreſs, which of all other things I hate;

Monf. *That's very ſtrange, faith, ſince thy Legs are ſtraight;*
For if thou hadſt a thouſand Lovers here,
That very Garb, as thou doſt now appear
Takes more than any Manto we can buy,
Or wir'd Comoae, tho' Cock'd Three Stories high,

Brace. *I hate this Coat, this Maſculine Hat too here,*
Theſe Breeches, and the other things I wear.

Monf. *Not all things, Madam, now y'are too ſevere*
When the Diſguiſe, no lewdneſs does expoſe:
Breeches as modeſtly themſelves diſcloſe,
As Petticoat that reaches to your Toes.

Brace. *Let all looſe Dreſſes to looſe minds belong,*
Men, nor their Garbs did e'er my Credit wrong.

Monf. *That's much, faith having known the Stage ſo long.*
Well, we'll allow your modeſty is Fam'd,
Come now,———the Prologue

Brace. *Lord I'm ſo aſham'd.*

Monf. *A Player, and aſham'd that may be true.*

Brace. *You think ſure I'm as impudent as you.*

Monf. *No Child; you would not do then as you do;*
You would not loſe a Fortune for a Toy,
Nor frown nor bluſh when-e're you act a Boy;
Or ſpeak a Prologue, *which you muſt do now,*
And to aſſiſt you, ſee, I'll make your Bow. [Bows to the Audience.

Brace.

Bruce. *Well Gentlemen, ſince then, do what I can,*
Spite of my ſelf, I muſt appear a Man;
Pray let me beg you not to like me leſs
Than when you ſee me in my Maiden Dreſs;
And free from rigorous Cenſure this one day
For my ſake ſpare the Poet and the Play.
For to ſpeak truth in its incouragement,
There is a Plot, and ſome good Humour in't:
The Ladies too muſt needs approve the matter,
Becauſe he puniſhes the Marriage-hater.
And if you bring good Humour you ſhall laugh,
Monſ. *Why that's well ſaid, my Dear, and ſo let's off.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.